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MARK SUTHERLAND:

OR,

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. X.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than friendship, love, or passion are,
Yet human still as they.
And if thy lip for love like this
No mortal word can frame,
Go ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name.
Moore.

Rosalie Vivian and Robert Bloomfield reached home just as the carriage containing Col. Ashley rolled into the yard. The old gentleman alighted, greeted the young people with a most cheerful and kindly smile, and with unusual vigor and lightness tripped up stairs into the house. His servant, laden with packets of newspapers and letters, followed.

"You may take my word for it, Rosalie, that the Colonel has received some excellent news by this morning's mail! And now just observe the power of the soul over the body! Joyful news will so rejuvenate infirm old age, that it will skip about, elastic as youth. Witness Col. Ashley, who stepped up those stairs more lightly than I ever saw him move in my life; while disappointment and sorrow will so enfeeble youth that it will move about drooping like paralytic age. Witness me ready to drop from my saddle with exhaustion—from your unkindness, Rosalie!"

"I am not unkind, nor do you look very much prostrated, let me say, Robert! But will you not come in?"

"No," mournfully replied the young man, assisting her to alight.

"You had better—we have strawberries for the first time this spring."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Robert, with an offended air.

"Strawberries from uncle's premium conservatory, and cream from my own premium dairy; you had better think it over!"

"Fiddlesticks," exclaimed Robert, contemptuously.

"Oh, *then* there's no more to be said, of course!"

"Good morning, Rosalie."

"Good morning, Robert; but won't you shake hands with me?" she asked, offering her hand. He seized that little hand, and squeezed it and pressed it to his lips, and with an expression of curiously-blended deprecation and reproach, dropped it, mounted his horse, and galloped away.

Mrs. Vivian was standing dawdling with a white rose in the piazza. She came forward, with tender care, to meet Rosalie. "Did you ride far—are you tired, love?"

"Not very."

"But you look pale and wearied."

"A moment's rest will restore me, dear mamma."

"Come in and sit down, while I take off your things," said the kind little lady, leading her step-child into the parlor. She sat her down in a deep-cushioned chair, rang the bell, ordered a cordial, and then removed her hat and riding-skirt. When she had made Rosalie take a cracker and a little glass of anise-seed cordial, and when the salver was removed, and they were left alone Rosalie reclining upon the sofa, Valeria sitting in the easy-chair near her, the lady inquired—

"Why did not Robert come in?"

"I do not know, unless it was because he did not wish to do so."

"Have you quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled! Dear mamma, I never had a quarrel with any one in all my life, and never expect to have one, with anybody—least of all with Bob."

"That is no reason you should not have a lover's quarrel—*they* befall the most amiable pair. Is it so?"

"What, mamma?"

"Have you and Robert had a 'lover's quarrel?'"

"No, indeed—I assure you."

"Yet Robert went away offended—'in dudgeon,' as uncle would say."

Rosalie looked distressed. The lady eyed her searchingly.

"Rosalie, will you let me speak to you frankly, and ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly, dear mamma; I would turn my heart inside out, and show you its most hidden secret, if it had any secrets."

"Well, then, are you and Robert engaged?"

"No, mamma."

"He has not yet proposed, then."

"I scarcely know, mamma, whether I ought to reveal poor Robert's confidences—yet—*yes*, he has proposed."

"Well?"

"Well, mamma!"

"You did not reject him?"

"Yes madam."

"I'm astonished! How long ago has this been?"

"Dear mamma, twelve months ago Robert first did me the honor of offering his hand, and I gratefully declined it."

"Yet continued to keep his company. Oh, Rosalie! Well, has he ever renewed his proposals?"

"Yes, mamma, several times."

"And you have continued to reject them?"

"Of course, mamma."

"And yet you still accept his attentions. Oh, Rosalie!"

"Was I—am I wrong, mamma?" asked Rosalie, looking up from where she reclined upon the sofa.

The lady sat with her hands clasped upon her knees, in a simple, earnest attitude, with her eyes fixed in sorrowful doubt upon her child.

"Do you ever mean to review your decision, and accept him, Rosalie?"

"Never, mamma, I assure you!"

"Are you very certain, Rosalie?"

"Certain, dear mamma, beyond all possibility of doubt."

"If I could believe it"——

"Dear mamma, you may rest assured of it! Why, if I thought it was to be my fate to marry Robert Bloomfield, well as I like him, I think I should die of grief and terror!"

"And yet you keep his company! Oh! Rosalie, I am surprised."

"Is it not right, mamma?"

"What a simple question! Oh, child! if it were not you, I should say it is unprincipled!"

"Mamma, you distress and alarm me! Why must I not keep poor Robert's company, when he takes so much comfort in my society?"

"Comfort! Does he take comfort—do you call it comfort? No, Rosalie, it is a feverish, consuming hope that keeps him at your side; a wasting, baleful hope, which, since you do not intend to realize to him, it is your bounden duty to extinguish forever!"

"Mamma! I do not quite understand you. I am sorry, very sorry, that I cannot return Robert's regard"——

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, interrupting her, "I am not sorry for *that*; as to *that*, I am very glad you are not engaged to him, nor ever likely to be; but"——

"But why add to the grief of rejection the bitterness of ingratitude and coldness?"

"To refuse his attentions, to deny him your company, would not be either the one or the other, and it is your duty."

"When poor Robert has no consolation in the world but my company"——

"To say he has no other intoxication, would be nearer the truth. Rosalie, you are so young, so delicate, so spirituelle, so inexperienced. Rosalie, there is a kindness that is cruel, and that is what you have been showing 'poor Robert' all this time. And there is a cruelty that is kind, and that is what you must show him now."

"Mamma, if you think it wrong, I will never ride with him again."

"And avoid him as much as possible, Rosalie."

"Indeed I will, mamma. Poor Robert!"

"Fudge! It will not hurt him. The flame without fuel will soon expire harmlessly."

By this time the young girl had quite recovered from her fatigue, and she arose and left the room, to prepare her strawberries, she said.

She passed into a pleasant back room connected with the pantry and dining-room, but opening upon the garden, and devoted to certain light dessert preparations, such as the shelling of peas, stoning of cherries, &c. It was a cool apartment, with a bare white-oak floor, and many doors and windows open, and looking out upon the pleasant garden, with its budding spring flowers—its roses, hyacinths, and daffodils—and upon the orchard, with its peach trees and cherry trees, covered with pink and with white blossoms—and further off, upon the green and dewy wheat field, lying in fertile dales between gray and mossy rocks and mountains. It was indeed a pleasant room, looking out upon a fresh, verdant, rural scene. Rosalie sat down in the midst of the room, with a basket of fresh strawberries on her right hand, an empty basket to receive the caps on her left, and a cut-glass dish on her lap. Rosalie chose to do this. She had a decided attraction to these little graceful domestic avocations; and as her nimble fingers capped the strawberries and dropped berries in the dish and threw caps in the basket, she began to sing some lively rural glee; and while she was busily engaged, singing and capping, she chanced to look up, and saw Mark Sutherland approaching the house from the garden. He met her chance glance, and smiled to see her so busy and merry. She was in a merry mood, or she would not have felt free to say to him what she did.

"Come in, Mr. Sutherland; I have got something for you, very nice!"

Mark came in, and she said—"Make a bowl of your joined hands, now, and here!"

She poured into his hands some fine large strawberries, adding—

"These are the first fruits of the season, Mr. Sutherland, and we offer them to you."

"Let me first merit them, by helping you," said Mark.

"Will you help me?"

"Certainly; that is, if I am not intruding on some housekeeping sanctuary."

"Oh, no! this room is open and common to the whole family and our visiters; why, it is the pleasantest room in the house, only as it is near the pantry and dining room, and opens upon the kitchen garden, we prepare our fruit and sometimes pick over our vegetables here."

Mr. Sutherland drew a chair on the other side of the strawberry basket, and went to work—nobody could tell why—actuated by some whim, no doubt. After a little desultory conversation, Mr. Sutherland said—

"I believe, dear Rosalie, that I owe this situation to your friendly remembrance, and I have been waiting some hours for an opportunity of expressing my thanks"——

Rosalie's face flushed to the temples.

"I am deeply obliged and grateful to my fair patroness."

The blush deepened, crimsoning her face. She waved her hand shortly, deprecatingly, impatiently; she began—"Mr. Sutherland"—and stopped, as it were, choked.

"Miss Vivian, are you so unwilling to receive my acknowledgments? Then must my gratitude be silent, but not the less deep."

Again she essayed to speak, and the words came vehemently, impetuously—

"I had no agency in procuring this situation for you, Mr. Sutherland. How could you think for a moment that *I* or any one else could presume to 'patronize' *you* in such a manner? How could you suppose, for an instant, that I, or any one else that knew you, could deem this position a fit and proper one for you? No! could I have dared to interfere, it would have been to prevent your coming here."

There was a tone of honest, earnest indignation in her voice, looks, and manner, that utterly astounded Mark Sutherland. Could it be that she thought him unworthy of the position? No; he dismissed that surmise at once, and answered, quietly—

"I confess you surprise me, Rosalie! Is not the vocation of a teacher really honorable, if conventionally humble?"

"It is greater, higher, more difficult, more responsible, than any other, except that of the preacher of the Gospel!" answered the girl, earnestly.

"What is the matter, then—am I unfit for it?"

"Yes, you are totally unfit for it."

"Why?" smiled Mark; "has my education been neglected?"

"I know that you are a distinguished classical and mathematical scholar, Mr. Sutherland; and for any other branch of knowledge quite fitted to take a Professor's chair; but to be a teacher of youth requires other and rarer qualifications, which you have not."

"To wit?" inquired Mark, much amused with his young mentor.

"To wit, then: first, you should have a natural vocation for teaching, and consequently the love of it, which you have not; a great deal of affection for children, which you have not; much patience, perseverance, firmness, social humility, some of which qualities you have, and others you have not."

"I am tempted to ask you to specify which I have and which I have not, but I will not."

"I thought you were going to open a glorious career for yourself, and achieve a great name."

"In what manner?"

"I thought you were going to be a statesman."

"A *lawyer*, child."

"Why are you here, then, Mr. Sutherland? Why are you not a lawyer?"

"Rosalie, I made an effort, many an effort, to get admitted to practice at the bar of S——. I had thought myself well qualified, for I had studied legal science with what you call an attraction—a vocation for the profession. For several years past I had read law *con amore*; yet, through the want of familiarity with the technicalities of practice, I failed to get admitted as a practitioner before the court."

"Then I would have gone into some lawyer's office, and assisted him as a copyist for nothing, until I had acquired an intimacy with those crabbed technicalities. It seems to me like such a very trivial matter for an impediment. Why, there is your uncle, who is no lawyer, but who can draw up a right legal and binding document, with as many 'whereases' and 'aforesaids' as ever made a composition unintelligible."

"My dear Rosalie, that would have been a very small beginning."

"'Despise not the day of small things,' said the wise man. And at least the lawyer's office would have been in the way of your genius; and to have entered it in the capacity of copyist would have been much better than to have turned into this by-path, which is utterly opposed to it."

"There were difficulties in the way of even that, Rosalie."

"And even if there *were* difficulties, what then? We have no royal road to success and distinction in our country. We have no ready-made great men. None are 'born great;' none have 'greatness thrust upon them.' If any would be great, he must 'achieve greatness.' Nearly *all* of our heroes and statesmen have struggled up from the humblest places in society—have struggled up, alone and unaided, until they have proved their mettle; and the struggle has been wholesome for them, and has turned them out sound and healthful natures."

"You speak wisely and truly, dear Rosalie; yet each of all these men to whom you have alluded had near and dear friends—mothers, sisters, a wife, perhaps—to watch his career, and rejoice in it—to soothe him in moments of exasperation, from injustice, from opposition, from persecution, and to encourage him in hours of depression and despondency, when all his hopes and energies seem palsied, and the wheels of life and action seem clogged and stopped; and, finally, to share and enjoy his success, and to glory in his triumph. Oh, believe me, Rosalie, man cannot work for himself alone! It were a low and selfish aim!"

"But he can work for humanity—he can work for God!" said Rosalie, in a low and reverent voice.

Mark Sutherland sat, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, in deep thought. Rosalie continued—

"Attain a position, Mr. Sutherland—such a position as the prophetic voice in your heart foretells. Win fame! not for yourself, but for men and God! not for your own aggrandizement, but for the POWER that it will endow you with—the POWER to right the wronged, to raise the fallen, to deliver the oppressed, to redeem the evil, to speak with AUTHORITY the truth to men and before God! Labor, wait, struggle, for such a position, and, though no mother, sister, wife, or love, smile on your career, men and women will know it! God will bless it!"

Mark Sutherland still remained buried in deep and silent thought upon her words. Oh, if *India* had so spoken to him, so sympathized with his aspirations, so encouraged his flagging hopes and energies, what might he not have accomplished, even before this! But this child Rosalie was nothing, and yet she spoke words of high moment, and spoke them "as one having authority."

"You astonish me, Rosalie; you talk far beyond your years and sex; you really astound me."

"I wish I could convince you."

"You do, you do, my child. But, Rosalie, how is this? You must have reflected very much, for one of your tender years."

"I am not so young; I am seventeen."

"A venerable age, indeed. But, Rosalie, how is it that you have thought so much beyond girls of your age?"

"Have I done so?"

"Why, assuredly—do you not know that you have? Now tell me how it is."

"Well, if it is so as you say—for *I* do not know and cannot judge of young people, having never had any young companions—I suppose it is because I have been always sickly, and have always led an isolated, solitary, meditative life; hearing in my secluded retreat only the loudest thunders of the distant great world of society, I have naturally thought most about its great successes, and how they were accomplished. I have watched from afar the career of living great men, and have secretly made unto myself idols like them. I have read with deep interest the lives of distinguished statesmen and heroes, particularly those who have struggled up from poverty and obscurity; that is the reason."

"Yet that is very unusual in so young and beautiful a girl. I cannot yet comprehend it—I can scarcely believe in it!"

"The pleasures of childhood and girlhood were not for me—there was nothing left but books and much thought over needle-work in solitary hours. Please do not give me undue credit; it is more mortifying than blame. I must tell you how it was I thought so much of your life: Nearly two years ago, after you made such a vast sacrifice to principle—giving up wealth, station, popularity, family, friends, love, esteem, *all* for duty—hero-worshipper that I was, I recognised in you the elements of which heroes are made, and"——

She blushed, and suddenly stopped, conscious of the indelicacy of praising him to his face.

"Go on, dear Rosalie."

Still she remained silent and embarrassed.

"Well, Rosalie, you saw, or rather you *thought* you saw, in me the elements of heroism?"

"It was very impertinent in me to presume to say so—forgive it!"

"Nay, dear child, I beg you won't take it back! If you do not hope for me, who will?"

"Indeed, I do hope for your success very strongly—and more than that, I count upon it very confidently"——

"But finish what you were going to say; you saw in some one 'the elements of which heroes are made, and'"——

"Oh, nothing, only I dived more deeply than ever before into my lives of great men, and reflected more than ever upon the causes that made them great, if you do not think it presumption in a girl like me to talk of reflection upon such a subject. But my mind ever had an attraction to it, and you gave that attraction a new and strong interest. I thought of you, and hoped that you were on the road to an honorable and beneficent distinction. I was grieved to hear that you were coming here; I would have opposed it, had I dared. Do not stay here, Mr. Sutherland."

"I must fulfil my engagement with your uncle!"

"My uncle will release you from it."

"Yet, dear Rosalie, I cannot leave now."

"Do not think me importunate, impertinent; I wish you would go even now, to-day."

Mark Sutherland looked up at her in surprise, but checked the answer that rose to his lips when he saw her troubled face. Her work being now completed, she arose, and left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GALESBURG.

Adopted April 2d, 1853.

Whereas, some year and a half since, the officers of this church petitioned Knox Presbytery to take such action in reference to slavery in the General Assembly as would make their continuance in connection with the Assembly to depend upon the question whether the Assembly separated itself from slavery; and whereas the Presbytery has taken no such action, and manifests no disposition to take any such action as requested on the subject, but appears willing to remain in connection with the Assembly, and, by consequence, with slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That this Church cordially approve the action of their officers noticed above.

Resolved, That we hereby request our session to send no delegate to Peoria and Knox Presbytery, until the Presbytery shall take the ground against slavery in the Assembly indicated in their petition, or in some other way satisfy the session that they will forsake the Assembly unless the Assembly forsakes slavery.

N. CHURCHILL, *Clerk.*

AN EXAMPLE.

TROY, MICHIGAN, *April 5*, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

As you have noticed our efforts in Troy, Michigan, in the cause of freedom, I thought I would just give you the result of our town election, hoping it may encourage other towns to the same efforts we have made—as I have no doubt the same amount of labor and expense in circulating documents and newspapers (the latter of which are mostly paid for by the readers) would produce like results in other towns. At the time of the promulgation of the Pittsburgh platform, there were not known to be over ten or twelve political Anti-Slavery men in town. We immediately organized, procured and circulated documents, solicited and obtained subscribers for the *Era* and other Anti-Slavery papers, and by these means obtained, out of less than 300 votes cast in the town, 96. After election we continued our exertions, holding frequent meetings—doing our own talking; (except in one instance, we have had no foreign aid.) Yesterday our town election came off. The Whigs and Democrats agreed to unite, and we elected our ticket over all the force they could bring to bear, by a majority of 32. This we consider the result of legitimate action, although we are charged with fanaticism, enthusiasm, &c. I should like to see these facts published; just arrange them to your own liking. Yours, &c.,

WM. G. STONE.

For the National Era.

LONGINGS FOR SPRING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Bitterly bleak blasts are blowing;
Still and steadily 'tis snowing;
Stern and sad my heart is growing—
All the prospect how forlorn;
Chill and cheerless clouds are hiding
Yonder sun, which, o'er abiding,
All triumphant should be riding,
Making merry this March morn.

O that Spring, with footstep cheery,
Would dispel the Winter weary—
Wrap the hills and meadows dreary
In her rose-anointed robe;
O that she these clouds would sever,
Putting them to flight forever,
Bringing storm and sadness never
On the green and gladsome globe.

Would the rills, through long months holden
By the frost, at length would bolden,
Spring to meet the sunshine golden,
Wooing them along the hedge;
How I long to hear them flowing,
And to mark green grasses growing,
And the tiny violets blowing
All along their mossy edge.

I would see the soft shoots springing,
I would hear the turtle singing,
Visions of fresh gladness bringing
To the hopeful household eaves;
I would watch the moist buds peeping,
Neath the snow so long a-sleeping,
And the May-flowers coyly creeping
From the withered autumn leaves.

Could I greet one dewy dawning,
Could I spend one rosy morning
Mid the rural, rich adorning
Of the graceful greenwood bowers,
I would sing away this sadness
In an ecstasy of gladness,
Revelling in blissful madness
All the bright and blessed hours.

O for one of those releases
Which the sense enraptured seizes!
When the blossom-breathing breezes
Scatter, as they wander by,
Buttercups and blossoms blue,
Ever beautiful and new,
Brightening daily with the dew
From the still and starry sky.

Yellow violet! coyly hiding
Where the woodland streams are gliding,
In secluded nook abiding,
Like some sweet but timid souls,
O that Spring at length would woo thee!
How the loves would gather to thee,
If, like me, they only knew thee,
Nestled 'mong the mossy knolls.

How I long for rural rambles,
Lingering 'mid sweet-scented brambles,
Where the sportive streamlet gambols
With the reeds where lilies grow;
How I yearn to be a rover
Through the clumps of clustering clover,
And cool cowslips, covering over
All the sunny mead below.

Last night's dreams bright visions bore me:
Sunny skies were bending o'er me;
Pleasant paths opened before me,
Leading to a maple grove;
Fairy foliage interlaced me,
Long and leafy vines embraced me,
Laughing streamlets murmured, "haste thee,"
Wooing me with them to rove.

In green-haunted dreams how lightly
Beats my heart; and O how brightly
Come these blessed visions nightly,
Mirth and melody to bring;
Yet this morn bleak blasts are blowing,
Still and steadily 'tis snowing,
And my saddened heart is growing
Weary, waiting for the spring.

Angels of the fragrant flowers,
Breathe upon the budding bowers!
Send, O send refreshing showers;
Speed thy coming, lingering Spring!
O that thou these clouds would sever,
Putting them to flight forever,
Bringing storm and sadness never,
Till we greet the robin's wing.

For the National Era.

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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 34.

ROME, *March* 17, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. T——: On the 14th we rode out the Porta del Popolo and around the city walls to the Porta Salara, from whence we followed the road to a grand old bridge, built in the Etruscan style, across the Anio. This *Ponte Salaro* is a favorite object with me—one of the most picturesque, I think, in the neighborhood of Rome.

From this spot we explored the by-roads and lanes in various directions, in search of a good open piece of campagna. This we found, at last—a glorious stretch of firm, grassy, flowery, undulating ground, where we gave free rein to our horses, who, the moment their hoofs struck on the turf, seemed possessed with all the fresh, glad impulses and elastic vigor of the spring, tossed their heads, leaped at once into a mad gallop, and ran till the very winds were out-winded. Yet not so swiftly did they fly, but that we caught the smell of the violets crushed beneath their feet, and marked all the lovely shadows flung about us from purple clouds floating above. There were larks overhead, singing as they soared—some ascending toward heaven in a spiral column of sweet sound—some circling slowly in a level orbit of song—some dropping toward earth in lessening circles, as though whirling in a vortex of melody. The campagna was dotted with flocks of snowy sheep, which looked like the shadows of the fleecy, wandering clouds which flecked the fields of heaven—the sky was soft, the sunlight mild and variable, the very soul of spring was abroad on the air.

The entire ride was one succession of delicious pictures and more delicious sensations—one of those perfect pleasures, half-physical, half-spiritual, the sentiment and enjoyment of which I long intensely, but, alas, I know how vainly, to convey to others.

To return from such a ride, with the soul filled with images of beauty and the frame invigorated by pure air and noble exercise, with the heart expanded by the love of nature, and the pulses all in bounding play—then to pass through one of the old historic gates, and by the Coliseum, and through the Roman forum—to have the grand shadows of the past flung about you with the shadows of the twilight—this completes and crowns an ordinary pleasure with a sentiment poetic almost to sublimity.

This morning we witnessed a beautiful sight from the summit of the *Pincio*. There was a heavy silvery fog covering the whole city—a sea of mist rolling over it in beautiful billowy masses. At one time, the tower of the Capitol and the dome of St. Peter's were the only distant objects distinctly above it; while the villas on the hills beyond the Vatican looked like castles in the air. There was one which was so beautiful it reminded me of some of the glimpses which the "Pilgrim" caught of the heavenly city from the "Delectable mountaine."

Yesterday I visited the church of the *Cappuccini—St. Maria della Concezione*—where I saw the Archangel Michael of Guido, which to me is the noblest work of that master—at least of those I have seen. The face is surely wonderful for its combination of beauty and power, of sweetness and sternness, and triumph and sorrow. As he stands, wielding his slender sword, with his foot on the prostrate Lucifer, you are struck at once with the youthful lightness, grace, and tenderness of his figure, but you do not doubt that he is hurling his enormous adversary hellward, with immense force and velocity. The head of the Lucifer is infinitely more horrible and disgusting to me for its humanity, than any horned and fiery-tongued representation of the prince of the infernals I have ever beheld. It is said that this is a likeness of Cardinal Pamfili, afterwards Innocent X, on whom Guido took revenge for some criticism, by sending his head and shoulders down to posterity, by the mere addition of a dragon's tail. "To what base ends may we come at last!"

There are several other rather famous pictures in this church, but none by which I was especially impressed. There are bounds to one's capacity for Holy Families, saints, and angels; and one's brain becomes at last so crowded by this class of heavenly visitants, that there really is not room for another manger or cell to be put up, another wing to be unfurled.

From the church we descended to the cemetery underneath, where one of the most curious and certainly the most horrible sight I have ever beheld, met my eyes. Within four low vaulted chambers are kept the bones of ten thousand monks!

When a member of this fraternity dies, he is buried in his coarse brown robe, in the cemetery, the earth of which was brought from Jerusalem; but, after some months, his bones are taken up and arranged in a variety of ways about the walls of the cemetery. The skeletons of the most eminent or holy fathers are preserved entire, and recline on couches of skulls, or stand in bone-built niches—wearing the coarse brown robes and cowls they lived and died and were buried in, and holding rosaries and crucifixes. All about them are bones—columns and altars of skulls—festooned with vertebræ, finger and toe joints—ribs made into crosses—arm-bones and collar-bones made into lamps—leg-bones supporting shelves of shoulder-blades and knee-pans—bones of all sorts, arranged in all sorts of emblematical forms—such as scythes, scales, hour-glasses. On the ceiling overhead, in horrible mockery of frescoes of smiling Cupids and Ganymedes, small, shining skeletons grin down upon you, and seem about to strike you dead. To the robed skeletons in the niches some dried flesh and portions of skin adhere, and from the chins of two or three yet depends a long grizzly beard.

It was evidently expected, from the position in which these defunct fathers are placed, that they would wear a look of devotion, or pious meditation; but the attempt has not been altogether successful. Expression varies in these death's-heads quite as much as in living faces. For instance, there is one who seems chuckling with sly merriment under his worm-eaten cowl—one who has a foxy look of cruelty and cunning—one who seems to have died cursing, and one who seems to have never died at all, but, as he lies stretched out, with his cowl shading his face, his beard on his breast, and his mouth open, looks simply like an emaciated, macerated old monk, sound asleep and—snoring.

This underground cemetery is so small and ill-ventilated—the earth above the buried monks seems so light, that one feels that the air must be surcharged with pestilence and death. Yet the monks perform masses there, wander and meditate there—breathe in the musty atmosphere of the bones of the long-departed ten thousand, and the exhalations from the uncoffined bodies of the lately-departed ten. How strange it must be for them to contemplate the certain disposition of their own poor remains—their skulls labeled and packed in arches, and their bones builded and wreathed into ghastly ornaments. Perhaps old friends talk to one another in this wise: "You will see, Brother Anselmo, that they do not scatter my bones too much—you yourself will place my skull where you can come and see it sometimes."

On one night in the year this cemetery is illuminated. Can you imagine a scene more grandly horrible? From yellow lamps and swinging chandeliers of bones, the ghastly light gleaming on graves and skeletons—flashing on polished skulls, and searching into thousands on thousands of eyeless sockets! Think of the awful shadows lurking in the arches and about the niches where lie or stand the dead monks, robed and cowled. Think of masses being said here, and penitential psalms sent wailing through these crowded courts of Death! Think of processions of dark-gowned, long-bearded monks, passing slowly through, while the cowled heads of the skeletons nod, and the lamps swing, and all the small bones rattle at their tread!

I must confess that, fearful and disgusting as it was, the sight of those old monks, half-skeletons, half-mummies, had for me a sort of horrible fascination. Loathsome paraders, rather than solemn preachers of decay and mortality, they yet are full of the peculiar humanity, half dead when most alive, of their order. Without their robes, you would know them for monks. They look dark, and secret, and humble, with an indestructible air of paternity. I had a strange feeling that they not only regarded me, but one another, and I half believed that at night, when they should have the place all to themselves, they would talk to each other, in husky and sepulchral voices, of the past glory and present decay of the Church—of matters that concern their order—of the sanctity and severity of its founders, and of the laxity and imbecility which have crept into it in these degenerate days—and, perchance, lament solemnly and piteously together the good old times when Popes planted their feet on the necks of Emperors, and the flames, and racks, and oubliettes of the Inquisition were in full play.

But perhaps I do the cowled mummers wrong—one and all may have been mild, inoffensive, and charitable—given to fasting, prayer, and ministrations of mercy among the poor—men who shut the glory of the world and the light of human joy from their cloistered lives, that the pure lamp of divine truth might shine more clearly there—shut out the sounds of human struggle and pleasure, that the heavenly voices might steal on the solemn stillness—men in whom the love of God abounded, and who were not wanting in loving kindness for all His creatures.

Among the thousands of priests, monks, and friars, whom I meet in Italy, I sometimes remark a form of a gracious and manly character, and a noble and saintly head, borne with that true humility which is the highest dignity—a face, thoughtful without severity, gentle without weakness, wakeful and earnest without cunning or fanaticism. There are a few whom you thus recognise at once as Christ's ministers—poor and self-denying, meek and gentle and sorrowful—going about doing good, among the sick, the imprisoned, and the afflicted. Such are the true *holy fathers*—for the blessing of such I would kneel as readily as the devoutest Catholic in the land. But, as far as I can judge by observation, there are few of this class—the greater part are unintellectual, inferior, repulsive-looking men. Many are gross, many gloomy, hopeless, and utterly abject in expression. The monastic orders especially seem soulless and decayed—the life of letters, which of old was their peculiar strength and glory, having departed from them.

We are told that the Church should be preserved and revered for what she has been in the far past—for having served as the sole asylum of learning during the dark ages, when floods of barbarism were sweeping over the earth. But we do not read that the patriarch Noah was commanded to preserve the old hulk of the ark which bore the elect of humanity above a drowned world, on a sea which circled the globe—whose waves ran before the sun through all his march. We do not read that he was directed to make of its storm-battered and water-rotted timbers an eternal habitation for his race. No; the good old craft, having done its work, was doubtless left to go to pieces, according to the decrees of Nature. The Church was surely Heaven-appointed for a grand and beneficent purpose; that purpose is accomplished—her great work for humanity is done. As well, a thousand years after the flood, could all the life sprung from the life which once it bore, have been crowded within the compass of the ark, as to-day could the life of art and learning, and the free spirits of the world, be brought within the bounds and under the control of the Church.

March 18.

Last night we enjoyed a rare pleasure—a visit to the galleries of the Vatican, and a long contemplation of the great statues by torch-light. It was a wondrously beautiful, an impressive, even a solemn sight. I was one of a party of thirteen, mostly familiar friends; yet, in the three hours we spent together there, scarcely a word was spoken above a whisper. There was something strange, startling, almost awful, in the scene, when, falling a little way behind the one great torch, we walked between long lines of antique figures, forms of a past and buried world, which seemed suddenly to spring up around us, and live out before us, from the dissolving darkness. Our friend, Mr. H——, who was with me, said, in his quick, earnest, characteristic manner, "Don't you wish the torch could be extinguished for a moment?" "Why?" I asked. "*Oh, I think it would look so like the resurrection.*" But I am sure the scene had enough of that look as it was.

After all I had heard and read, I was astonished by the effect produced by the torch-light on most of the great statues. It were impossible to imagine anything finer, grander, more life-like or god-like than the Apollo Belvidere, the Minerva Medico, and the head of Jove. Among many others, I noticed as showing to great advantage, the *Meteaga*, the *Venus* coming from the bath, the *Antinous*, the *Ariadne*, the exquisite draped figure of *Modestia*—the statue of *Demosthenes*—the head of the young *Augustus*, the *Fawn* and *Cupid* of Praxiteles—that most glorious fragment, the *Torso Belvidere*, and the colossal figure of Father Nile, alive with wee children, like Lemuel Gulliver swarming with Lilliputians. But upon the group of the Laocoon the effect was absolutely terrible. To my eye, it lifted it at once from the merely painful and horrible, to awfulness and sublimity. All the injuries which that marvellous masterpiece of art has sustained—all the modern restorations were lost, while, by the new and deep shadows flung about it, the action, the agony, the terror—all the tremendous tragedy of the group—were infinitely heightened and intensified.

I almost looked to see the drapery heave on the breast of the sleeping Ariadne, to see her heavy eyelids lift under the glare of the torch.

The vulgar and brutally-powerful figures of Canova's Boxers took neither beauty nor dignity from the light by which the ancients viewed their pure and majestic works, while his Perseus, that presumptuous plagiarism in stone, shone all the poorer in its fair emptiness of face, and in the theatrical strut and stretch of its extravagant *pose*. But the Apollo, peerless in beautiful majesty, instinct with unconscious divinity, seemed bursting from the darkness, radiating new light from his triumphant brow, breathing new life from his delicate, disdainful lips. I bowed before him as the most worthily immortal shape of power, and beauty, and grace, the fairest and highest heathen imagining of a God that the world contains.

March 19.

To-day is a *festa*—a day dedicated to *San Guiseppe*, when, after some ancient custom, all Rome are engaged in frying fritters in honor of the husband of Mary. It is an odd sight to remark, everywhere along the streets, improvised stalls where the sacred fritters are mixed, and fried, and sold, and eaten.

To-morrow will be *Palm Sunday*, and then begins the real tug of war—the crowning agony of sight-seeing. If I escape entire from that grand final crush—if I live to tell the tale, you shall hear it all in good time.

Meanwhile, I am, as ever, yours,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

For the National Era.

LETTERS ON FRANCE.—NO. 5.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Jan.*, 1852.

MY DEAR MADAM: I find I have yet a subject to touch upon, and that I must venture upon another letter if I would treat of it. It is a matter of much delicacy, in which I feel deep interest—an interest which I am quite sure is participated in by yourself.

Who, indeed, reflecting on the miseries and injustice of our social condition, causing so much suffering and misfortune to the weaker sex, but will rejoice in any, however trivial, alleviation of the moral condition of humanity? What woman that has a heart, but will rejoice to know that the social position of her own sex has been improved, and that the revolting degradation of the old time has been changed to one of less danger to moral character?

If there is anywhere a true test of the progress of a nation, it is to be found in the moral condition of its women. France will bear a fair examination on that point, as compared with what she was, and with other nations around her.

We all know—our common sense tells us so, our knowledge of the female character tells us so, and proofs are never wanting to the observer—that the direst distress and injustice are the sources of woman's misfortunes. Remove, in portion, that distress and injustice, and you partially remedy the evil. Remove it entirely, and the moral sore disappears.

In European countries, where feudalism—social, political, and religious—has so long existed, women have been the greatest sufferers. Treated as inferiors, their inequality has been an additional disadvantage in the inequality already existing among men. Unable to maintain herself by industry, woman has necessarily descended to the lowest step in the social ladder.

In France, so little was woman respected before the Revolution of 1789, that the wives of tradesmen were called "mesdemoiselles," the upper class thinking them unworthy the rank of "madame." The marriage tie was considered of little importance among a class so near that of the serfs! To this day, even, you cannot insult an aristocrat of the true kind, more thoroughly than by asserting that he or she is of the same flesh and blood, as well as color, with the lower classes!

The Revolution has changed these things, and, in doing so, has raised among the "lower" class a sentiment of self-respect. Not only do they know they are as good, but they have become comparatively independent in circumstances, and therefore farther removed from the perils of demoralization.

In England, we see the disadvantages of the system of inequality, even in the villages. In France, it is in the great towns almost exclusively that that social pest to which we allude is to be found; for in towns the extremes of wealth and misery necessarily congregate, and victims there must then be.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that in a Protestant country like England, no means have ever been adopted to check vice. It is argued there that it must cure itself! as if immorality contained within itself the qualities of virtue. In that *naughty* France, which has been so abused and misrepresented, the police interferes to regulate what requires by its nature a watchful check. The *unfeudalized* moral sense of the country demands it. In Paris, what there is bad, is to be speedily detected—the compact nature of the town permitting a concentration of everything within a limited space. Not so in London. People may live there for years, and know nothing of the hideous realities of its almost unchecked miseries, villanies, and vices.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that all the vices and crimes perpetrated in Paris do not amount to a *fourth* that of London. Indeed, an Englishman lately published tables, comparing crime in various countries, and states, as the result of his inquiries, that there are four times as many persons accused in England, and three and a half times as many condemned, as in France! Now, such a result can only be accounted for on the ground of the inferior position and disheartening dependence of the English lower class.

On the other hand, although since 1830 the form of marriage among the people in France is more respected, yet very many consider that union a merely civil tie, or one depending upon the simple approbation of the parties and their friends. Those "unblessed" unions, as they have been called, are considered binding on both parties, and decency and correctness of conduct quite as necessary, as under more solemn forms. Frequently large families are reared thus, and the parents, if they acquire property, afterwards marry, in order to give their children certain legal advantages.

These peculiarities no more alter the fact of a great moral improvement in France, than they would do among the Turks. A great moral and religious reformation has been for years past working in Europe, and is fast growing up in France, under the protection of that material prosperity which at all times is the main source of self-respect and moral conduct.

There is no "incapacity in the French nation to be free;" *but an impossibility of habituating the ruling classes to an equality of power with the people.*

Most exaggerated statements are put forth of the extent of pauperism in France. One French author says there are *seven millions* of paupers; others talk of various amounts, down to a very low cipher. These statements are *all* based on official returns. A man whose bit of land produces him (according to his own showing, probably to avoid taxes) ten francs a year, may be considered a pauper. But his land produces enough materially to support his family, and his gains, as a workman, can fill up easily any deficit. Indeed, many peasants, owning exceedingly small parcels of land, have, by selling the produce and using great economy, amassed a great deal of money. In a village of 300 souls, fourteen miles from Paris, there is only *one* pauper old woman; and some of the peasants possess many thousand francs each. Yet their portions of land are so small as to be valued at an extremely low rate. By judicious cultivation, great profit may be made on very small holdings.

As a general rule, large cities contain the greatest amount of paupers relatively to population. Taking the year of scarcity, (1847,) we find, that out of 1,057,000 people in Paris, 60,000 were receiving entire or partial relief. At this rate, we should have rather over 2,000,000 paupers for 36,000,000 people, or one in eighteen persons. Soon after the war, when population was less, the proportion was about one in twelve; it is now said to be one in sixteen, which is a proof of an ameliorated condition of the nation. And it coincides with general returns.

In England, a few years ago, the official returns showed over 1,800,000 paupers, out of 16,000,000 of population in England and Wales—or one in eight, nearly. There are now 18,000,000 there; and, from various causes, less of pauperism. Ireland is here left out.

In France, however, there is no poor law. The calculation of pauperism is based upon a supposition of inability to live on a certain sum. The French, now farther advanced than most nations in their ideas of human rights, are desirous of removing poverty, such as it is; for the people, being unsupported by a law as in England, clamor for work, freedom from restrictions, and useless taxes, and seek remedies for the evil in "Socialism." Not that Socialism spoken of by the gagged press and travellers; nor do the people alone devise such plans; for the greatest schemers in that line are the philanthropists and politicians, who have in vain been seeking for many years some remedy *less degrading than a poor law*. The people get wind of these projects, find much good in them, and still greater promise, and become infatuated with the (as yet) undefined and impracticable idea.

The senseless opposition of Government to Socialist schemes has tended to make them only more popular. It would have been better to have given encouragement to experiments; some practical good might have been elicited. But the idea of a *levelling* principle, connected with them, prejudiced the middle classes, and the Government set itself against them.

"A Frenchman," says Spectacles, "dines on two francs, that he may spend eight at the theatre!" Substitute any other name for "Frenchman," and the passage will be far more true. In France, limited means is not a crime; nor does a shabby coat drive a man of merit or genius from society. In England, the contrary is the truth. Young men, and younger branches of aristocratic families, live miserably, to make a show; and one of the leading causes of the emigration of so many English of respectable connexions, is the fact of their ruining themselves by attempting to live beyond their means. The most intense rivalry, and consequently a vast extravagance, exist there. To keep a carriage, every sort of meanness is had recourse to. The end is often a journey to the Continent, and perhaps for life. In France, no such folly exists. Economy is the order of the day there.

Mr. "Spectacles," not having seen many French houses, did not see "bathing-rooms, good closets, ample kitchens, economical fireplaces, nice fitting doors, or easy and ingenious locks and door-handles." No country in the world, however, contains so many "bathing establishments, or such economical kitchens." Its fireplaces, adapted for wood, are like those of this country; for coal, they are generally inferior. Locks, &c., are inferior. This is a mere accident, or habit of following originally inferior models. Yet how superior French workmanship is to most others! Their iron work is everywhere not only most solid, but admirably artistic; while in England, railings, balconies to houses, &c., are bad in work, and miserable in design. French houses are castles in solidity, compared with the flimsy buildings of England or this country. What ought to be solid, they make so; what simply artistic, light and elegant. The English generally reverse the case. Mr. Spectacles, who comes from a new country, has hardly any eyes but for the splendors about him. Not finding the few accustomed peculiarities of home, he complains that everything else is unadapted to his habits. This is natural, and is just the sort of complaint the French, English, and others, make here.

LOCKPORT, NIAGARA CO., N. Y., *April* 16, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

A few weeks since, our friend John Roberts informed you of the result of our village election.

Last Tuesday our town officers were elected. The Saturday previous, a ticket was nominated under the following call:

"*Independent Town Caucus!*—The friends of Freedom, and all who are opposed to slaveholding dictation, whether from Baltimore Platforms or Executive Absolutism, and who desire to have the affairs of the town managed by those who will represent them, are requested to meet at Concert Hall, Davis's Block, on Saturday, April 9th, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating a ticket to be supported at the ensuing town election.

"*Lockport, April* 4. MANY CITIZENS."

The caucus was well attended; a full ticket was nominated, the whole of which was triumphantly elected. Since Charter election, the Hunkers and Silver Grays had been active to prevent the success of the cause of Freedom at the town election, but all their efforts have proved abortive. The majority for our ticket was seventy-five in a vote of 1,500. Alonzo T. Prentice was elected supervisor, and Mortimer M. Southworth, justice of the peace, each by 53 majority, and John Roberts, assessor, by 112 majority—the balance of the ticket ranging from 6 to 90 majority.

The result is highly gratifying, and shows what may be done by organization, firmness, and a spirit of conciliation towards the friends of Freedom in the two old parties.

I think many of the Old Guard in other places will recognise the names of Roberts and Southworth, and will rejoice at their election.

A JEFFERSONIAN.

P. S.—The Board of Supervisors in this county will stand—3 Hunkers, 2 Liberal Democrats, 2 Silver Grays, 1 Liberal Whig, and 4 Friends of Freedom.

TERMS OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

One copy, one year	$2
Three copies "	5
Five copies "	8
Ten copies "	15

These terms regulate the price of the *Era* for single copies, and for clubs, *to old or new subscribers*. Three, five, or ten old subscribers, for example, by clubbing, may have so many copies of the *Era* for $5, $8, or $15.

AGENTS AND CLUBS.

Agents are entitled to fifty cents on each *new* yearly subscriber, and twenty-five cents on each *renewed* subscriber—*except in the case of clubs.*

A club of three subscribers, one of whom may be an old one, at $5, will entitle the person making it up to a copy of the *Era* for three months; a club of five, two of whom may be old ones, at $8, to a copy for six months; a club of ten, five of whom may be old ones, at $15, to a copy for one year. Money to be forwarded by mail, at our risk. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposite. It will be seen that the price of the paper, single copy, is two dollars a year. Agents sometimes allow a subscriber, whom they obtain or renew, the benefit of their commission, so that the subscriber, by their kindness, gets his paper for $1.50, or $1.75, as the case may be.

Rates of Advertising.—Ten cents a line for the first insertion, five cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1853.

The following named gentlemen are authorized agents for the cities of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston:
Lewis J. Bates, 48 Beekman street, New York.
William Alcorn, No. 826 Lombard street, Phila.
G. W. Light, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have been repeatedly solicited to issue a monthly, for gratuitous distribution by clubs and individuals interested in the spread of Free Democratic Principles. The time has come for undertaking such a work. If we intend to obtain the control of the Government, we must get the people on our side; but we cannot do this without convincing them that we are right. What they need is, Light, and this we intend to give in our FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. It will not be a newspaper, or take the place of any Free Soil newspaper; it will not be furnished even to *single* subscribers. The object is twofold—to supply a document, monthly, full of facts and arguments, suitable for *reference*, and calculated to make converts to the cause of Free Democracy. And, as we consider the support of the State or local Anti-Slavery papers vital, we shall keep standing, in each number, their titles, places of publication, terms, &c., so that new adherents to the Party may know where to supply themselves regularly with newspapers of kindred principles.

Every individual has his field of labor—every club has its town, district, or county. They will be glad to secure a document, every month, to circulate among those disposed to inquire into the principles and policy of the Free Democratic movement. We ask their aid in obtaining a hundred thousand readers for the "*Facts for the People.*"

PROSPECTUS OF FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

On the 1st of June next, we shall commence the publication of FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, a monthly, designed for preservation as a document for reference, or for general circulation, as a Free Democratic missionary, especially among those not yet familiar with the Anti-Slavery movement. It will be composed chiefly of articles from the *National Era*, adapted particularly to the purpose named.

Each number will contain eight pages, and be printed on good paper, of the size of the Congressional Globe, in quarto form, suitable for binding.

It will be furnished at the following rates, by the year, twelve numbers constituting a volume:

6 copies for	$1.00
20 copies for	3.00
100 copies for	12.00

Any person or club may, in this way, by raising $12, supply Anti-Slavery reading every month, for a whole year, to one hundred readers.

All payments must be in advance.

As we wish to begin on the first of June next, and be able to supply the demand for the first number, orders should be sent in immediately. G. BAILEY.

Washington, D. C., April 7, 1853.

P. S. Editors of newspapers favorable to the foregoing, will entitle themselves to six copies of the monthly, by publishing the Prospectus, and directing attention to it.

"MARK SUTHERLAND."

Having once introduced correspondents or contributors to the public, we generally leave them to speak for themselves; and for this reason we have hitherto said nothing of the story of Mrs. Southworth, now in course of publication in the *Era*. It is due to her now to state, that from every quarter we are receiving assurances of the deep interest it has excited. The work has begun, indeed, to awaken attention in England; a well known publishing firm in England has lately written to Mrs. Southworth, proposing an arrangement to her by which she may receive the benefit of a copyright for the publication in that country.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CUBA, JAMAICA, AND HAYTI.

We have lately secured the services of a most intelligent and agreeable correspondent, who has engaged to write us a series of letters from Cuba, Hayti, and Jamaica. We have already published two letters from him, not intended specially for the *Era*; and in this number will be found another, full of instruction, and highly descriptive. The ease and grace of the writer will attract general attention.

LAW RELATING TO FREE COLORED PERSONS IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The *Republic* says—

Upon the advent of Mr. Maury in the office of Mayor of Washington, he determined upon the enforcement of the corporation ordinances relating to free negroes; and in one case where the party was fined, an appeal to the Circuit Court was taken by the defendant, in order to test the *power* of the corporation to enact and enforce such a law.

The defendant below was Isaac N. Cary, a most respectable and orderly free man of color, and he was fined by the Justice of the Peace ten dollars, under the following provision of the 6th section of the city ordinance, of the 31st May, 1827:

"No free black or mulatto person shall be allowed to go at large through the city of Washington, at a later hour than ten o'clock at night, without a pass from a Justice of the Peace, or a respectable citizen," &c., &c.

Cary was fined for being out after ten o'clock at night without a pass, &c., and appealed. The case was very fully argued before the court upon the law (the facts being admitted) by Mr. Carlisle for the corporation, and Messrs. Lenox and Ratcliffe for the appellant.

Subsequently, his honor Judge Dunlop delivered the written opinion of the court, affirming the judgment.

The whole of the section of the act, from which a part is quoted by the *Republic*, is as follows:

"No free black or mulatto person shall be permitted to go at large through the city of Washington, at a later hour than ten o'clock at night, excepting such free black or mulatto persons as have a pass from some Justice of the Peace or respectable citizen; or be engaged in driving a cart, wagon, or other carriage; and any free person of color found offending against the provisions of this section, shall, on conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace, forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding ten dollars; and all such offenders may be confined in a lock-up house till the following morning: *Provided, however,* That nothing herein contained shall be made to apply to any person of color passing peaceably through the streets to or from any meeting-house or place of worship, nor to any person of color sent on an errand by the owner or employer."

The Judge assumed that the law of Congress authorized the Corporation to pass such an act, and he did not seem to regard it as oppressive.

No valid reason can be offered in support of the act. To colored people driving cabs, wagons, or carriages, going to or returning from a place of worship, or sent on errands by their employers, it does not apply. But, if a colored man, visiting at a neighbor's, or detained on business, or for his own pleasure, or in search of a physician for a sick wife or child, is caught walking the streets after ten o'clock at night, he is liable to arrest and fine. Is this necessary for the safety or convenience of the community? Not at all. No one apprehends any more danger from a colored man in the streets after ten o'clock, than from a white man; besides, another part of the same act makes provision for the suppression of any "idle, disorderly, or tumultuous assemblage of negroes," at any time; and the ordinary police power is all sufficient for the arrest of any one, white or black, who may be detected in unlawful or suspicious movements. To prohibit, therefore, a free colored person from walking the streets after ten o'clock, peaceably and in an orderly manner, is not necessary to any purpose of good government, and is a wanton exercise of power. As there is no valid reason for it, it is degrading and oppressive—degrading, because it presumes evil intent from an innocent act, simply because it is the act of a person of color; oppressive, because it fetters without reasonable cause the liberty of a whole class of persons, simply because they are not white. In some cases, its operation is cruel. "No reputable or orderly free colored man," the Judge presumes, "would be denied a pass from a Justice of the Peace or a respectable white neighbor, on any necessary occasion which called him from home after ten o'clock." A colored man has a sick wife or child. A Justice of the Peace is nowhere in his neighborhood. Respectable white people may live a square or two off, and at all events may not wish to be aroused from their slumbers at midnight to hunt up pen, ink, and paper, to sign a pass; and the signers might, after all, be unknown to the watch. Before he can procure a pass, he may be seized and carried to the lock-up; and ere the morning break, his poor wife or child may be beyond the reach of medical aid.

The act is wanton, degrading, oppressive, inhuman. Let it be repealed. The community will suffer no detriment. Few people, white or black, walk the streets after ten o'clock, except for some good reason. The presumption, when you see a man walking after that hour, is, that he has some lawful object in view. If he has not, his movements will soon betray him, and a vigilant police dispose of him.

YOUNG AMERICA AND YOUNG ENGLAND.

The Washington *Union* complains bitterly of the revival of Anti-Slavery sentiment in England. It assumes that the English people of all classes are organizing plans to promote the abolition of slavery in the United States. Their discussions and movements in relation to this subject it regards as evincing a deep-seated hostility to our institutions and to our Union. It styles them impertinent, intermeddlers, fools, fanatics, incendiaries.

Well, what will you do about it, oh, indignant patriot? Do you not recognise the right of the English people to think and speak and write as they please? Do you deny the liberty of speech and of the press? Do you wish the the British Government to do what your own cannot—put down freedom of discussion and prevent the assembling of the people together to deliberate and give expression to their opinions? Or, do you deem this general opposition to slavery by the English press and people a just cause of war against the English Government? Would you have Congress declare war against England because half a million of the women of that country have sent an Anti-Slavery letter to their sisters in this country? or because Uncle Tom's Cabin is admired, and its author honored by Lady Shaftsbury and her aristocratic associates?

"Young America" is just waking up in England. "Young America," you know, is a violent intermeddler; he takes the world under his supervision, and proposes to bring all parts of it under the Law of Progress. Does not "Young America" curse Nicholas, and sneer at Napoleon, and abuse Victoria? Does he not claim the right to control Central America, and annex Cuba, and eject Europe from this continent, and put down thrones and principalities, and redress the wrongs of the people in the Old World? How long since he had an extensive system of affiliated associations in this country, organized with a view to aid the Irish in a revolt against the English Government, and in effecting a repeal of the union between the two islands? How long since he blazed with indignation at the attempt to stigmatize the "patriots" who got up armed expeditions in this country to assist Cuba? And does not Young America now sustain leagues whose object is to stir up dissatisfaction among the Creoles in that island, and embolden them to revolt against the Spanish Crown?

With what face can this *Union*, which has given countenance to "Young America" in all his progressive aspirations and projects, proclaim war upon the women of England for sending letters to their American sisters in regard to slavery?

"Young America" denounces English Despotism, "Young England" bewails American Despotism. "Young America" is no intermeddler—he does what he has a perfect right to do—but "Young England" is decidedly impertinent, officious, in fact, fanatical and abominable!

Men are brethren, however divided by mountains and oceans. This Truth is recognised pre-eminently by the civilization of modern times, and modern art has given it a practical bearing, by annihilating distance, facilitating intercourse, and identifying interests. Japan denies it, and so does the *Union*. What is Christianity practically but an endorsement of this Truth? What are our Missionary Societies, Bible Societies, Peace Societies, Anti-Slavery Societies, World's Fairs, but the offspring of this Truth? What was Mr. Webster's declaration to Bocanegra, of the right of the world to interfere to suppress wanton cruelty in a war between two nations—what, his Hulsemann letter, asserting the just claims of Democracy—what, the instruction of Mr. Clayton, when Secretary of State, to Mr. Mann, in relation to the contest in Hungary—what, the speech of Mr. Webster, in favor of Hungarian Liberty, at the Kossuth banquet in Washington—what, the popular demonstration in this country, of sympathy, when Poland, and Greece, and France, and Hungary, and Italy, struggled for Freedom—what, the eloquence of the lamented Clay in behalf of the South American Republics, when striving for their new-born independence—what, but emanations from this great Truth, and evidences of its power?

The *Union*, in its denunciations of the Anti-Slavery movement in Great Britain, sets itself against the civilization of the age, repudiates the fundamental idea of Progress, rebukes the noblest patriotism of this country, and gives its sanction to the principle and policy of national isolation, as recognised by Japan, a country which "Young America" has resolved shall be brought within the circle of international affinities and sympathies.

"Young America" must forswear all his principles, or gracefully recognise the right of the Old World to protest against the wrong institutions of the New—just as the New World claims the right to protest against the wrong institutions of the Old.

For the National Era.

THE HERO.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Oh! for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

"Oh! for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love!

"Oh! that man once more were manly,
Woman's pride, and not her scorn;
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast, 'a man is born!'

"But, now life's slumberous current
No sun-bow'd cascade wakes;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dullness breaks.

"Oh! for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet—
True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard,
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against the sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly and first to rally
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning, in his bridle-path
Sank down a wounded Greek,

"With the rich Albanian costume,
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbaned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains
And the carbines of his hand!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison-cell of Speilburg,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
Sole sign of valor true;
Peace hath sterner tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"With the Plague angel wrestling
For the secret of his wrath,
That from Ganges to the Nova
Had marked with graves his path.

"Would'st know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks the throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

THE CENTRAL ORGAN OF THE DEMOCRACY.

The editors of the Washington *Union* having been elected printers to Congress, and claiming to conduct the Central Organ of the National Democracy, are proving their admirable fitness for both offices, by daily defences of Slavery, and denunciations of its opponents. In this way they manifest their intense nationality and democracy.

We also observe, that while they indignantly repudiate English interference with the Slavery Question, it is only when such interference is on the side of Freedom. English interference for Slavery, they hail with exultation. Let but an article against Abolition appear in the columns of the London *Times*, and it is sure to re-appear in the *Union*. The other day, in an editorial two columns long it presented the substance of some letters in favor of Slavery, by an Englishman named Ansted, who seemed to be enchanted with the beauties of the patriarchal system. The *Union* intimates that could such letters but determine the sentiment of England, "the *entiente cordiale* between the two countries would not be disturbed." Foreign intermeddling, then, is deprecated by the *Union* only when it is against Slavery. But if all the newspapers and reviews of England could be enlisted on the side of Slavery, what sweet fraternal feelings would spring up between John Bull and Brother Jonathan!

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

There are Whigs throughout the country, acting from the force of habit, who still seem to think that there is a Whig organization. We have seen them lately battling in Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts; in the municipal elections in New York, and elsewhere, they are running their candidates; and in Tennessee, and several Southern States, they manifest a purpose to keep up their organization. The *New York Tribune* discourages these movements. It considers the Whig party "not only defeated, but undone;" counsels it to submit to its doom, and resolve itself into its original elements, on the ground that Whigs, acting simply as American citizens, individually, can accomplish a great deal more good than in association as a distinct party.

Meantime, the Free or Independent Democrats are busily at work, regarding themselves as a growing party. The increase of their vote in New Hampshire, from 6,400 this fall to 8,200 this spring, they view as a most encouraging indication. Connecticut, too, which gave Hale three thousand votes last fall, gives Gillette, this spring, for Governor, between eight and nine thousand. This increase, caused in part by the Temperance excitement, shows what a vote the Independent Democracy may command, when people begin to expect to accomplish something by voting.

In Ohio, the party is in earnest; Mr. Lewis, its gubernatorial candidate, has taken the field with his accustomed energy, and there is no reason why the friends of freedom there may not be at least the second party, and hold the balance of power in the Legislature.

In Indiana, they are organizing Independent Democratic clubs, with a view to systematic and continuous action upon the public mind; and in Pennsylvania, Maine, and Wisconsin, State Conventions have been called.

In Michigan, the Independent or Free Democracy elects supervisors in the counties of Kalamazoo, Jackson, Calhoun, and Branch; in Illinois they are holding spirited indignation meetings, all over the State, against the late Slave Act of the Legislature; in Ohio they have chosen their candidate for mayor, in Granville, by a majority of forty-two over the Whigs, and five over the Democrats, and their township ticket in Elyria; in Wisconsin, at Kenosha, they have elected their candidate for mayor, C. C. Sholes, and in Illinois they have succeeded in several township elections.

Mr. Buchannan, lately appointed Minister to England, a Power which is supposed to entertain views in relation to Cuba somewhat adverse to those of our Government, conducted the correspondence in which Mr. Sanders was instructed to offer $100,000,000 for the purchase of that island. He is known to be in favor of its acquisition. Mr. Soulé stands committed to the policy of annexation, not by purchase, for against this he protested, but by some kind of arrangement which shall appeal to the interest, without offending the pride, of Spain. He is appointed Minister to Madrid, much to the vexation of the Spanish Minister at Washington; and the *Tribune* states, "on unquestionable authority," that he had declared that he would not accept the mission, unless "he were allotted full power to negotiate for the acquisition of the island." So this annexation scheme is to constitute a leading measure of the Administration.

Southern papers quote our testimony to the soundness of Mr. Marcy on the Slavery Question as absolutely conclusive. Mr. Marcy claims, if we understand him, to have laid the slave-holding States under special obligations. Without his effors, there would have been no re-union between the Hunkers and Barnburners in New York; without the re-union, the Barnburners, whom he acknowledges to be by far the more powerful and truly Democratic section of the New York Democracy, would have led off in the organization of a Democratic party at the North, on the basis of the Buffalo Platform, which would have been perfectly irresistible. The prevention of this he claims as his special work, for which he is entitled to the peculiar gratitude and confidence of slaveholders.

Mr. McClelland, Secretary of the Interior, was a Wilmot Proviso man, during the agitation of the questions of Territorial Freedom. When the Three Million bill was under discussion in the House of Representatives, February 13, 1847, he said:

"Gentlemen inquire what authority we have to exclude their property from this Territory. The answer is easily given: we do not attempt it. Slaves, in the contemplation of the Constitution, are not property, but persons. The authority for excluding aliens and free blacks applies, as well as to slaves. We have the power of prohibiting any persons, not citizens, from emigrating and settling there. That slaves are not property or merchandise may be considered as fully settled."

"Upper California we ought, and in all probability will have, and it should be free. Besides other considerations, it is far better adapted to the pursuits of Northern men than to slave labor. Then why exclude free labor? Admit the slave, and you expel the free laborer; for it is folly to think that our Northern men will emigrate to the most inviting territory in the world, where they know they will be compelled to labor side by side with the slave."

His vote is also recorded in the affirmative, in support of the amendment, commonly known as the Wilmot Proviso, moved by Mr. Wilmot, to the Three Million bill. We always regarded him, when he was in Congress, as a sincere and consistent opponent of Slavery and Slavery extension, and we have never seen any vote or word of his since, indicating a retraction of the views he then held. Why did Mr. Pierce appoint him? Mr. McClelland was the special friend of Mr. Cass, but he supported and voted for General Pierce; and this the General accepts as proof conclusive of his genuine National Democracy.

The Virginia Legislature, before adjourning, passed a bill, appropriating $42,000, to be applied to removing free colored persons from the State to Liberia, providing that a portion of it shall be raised by a poll-tax of one dollar on free colored males, and a tax on seals attached to registers of freedom; in other words, compelling the poor to contribute to the expenses of their banishment

The Legislature of New York, having continued its session till the period beyond which the members could receive no *per diem*, adjourned, although the important business before it was undisposed of. According to announcement, the Governor immediately called an extra session, so that the business may be attended to. Members of course receive their *per diem* through an extra session. Patriotism has no idea of work without pay.

The Canadian Parliament, anticipating the favorable action of Congress on the Reciprocity question, is about reducing the Tariff on various American articles.

The San Juan difficulty has been amicably settled; and the Mexican Government has ratified a treaty, granting the right of way to citizens of this country for a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. So the clouds are passing away on our Southern border.

The *South Side* (Va.) *Democrat* devotes a long article to the subject of Cuban annexation, urging the measure strongly and hopefully, with full confidence in the policy of General Pierce. It ridicules the idea that the sugar planters of Louisiana can be injured by the competition to which such a measure would subject them, quoting from De Bow's Review to show that the Louisiana sugar is superior to the Cuban in quality, richness, and relative quantity. But were this not the fact, the *Democrat* wishes to know with what decency a few planters in Louisiana could oppose a measure that would add so greatly to Southern Power.

The *National Democrat*, of New York, says that "General Dix not only accepts the Fugitive Slave Law, but has publicly advocated it as a fair and necessary compromise." If he has done so, the speech can of course be produced. We have never seen it: why does not the *Democrat* quote the thing in black and white? Until this be done, we shall regard its statement as apocryphal.

A new road has been discovered to California, of which Col. Miles, 3d infantry of United States, now in New Mexico, says: "A new pass has been discovered from Albuquerque, 75 miles from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to San Francisco, California, *a journey of twenty-five days for loaded wagons.*" He proposes that the troops open the road and locate four posts on it. It is on the direct line from Fort Smith.

Immediately after the destruction of the Ursuline Convent in Massachusetts, a law was passed to provide remuneration for losses sustained thereafter by similar acts of violence. From time to time it has been proposed to remunerate the owners of the Convent, but the fear that a special provision of this *ex post facto* charter might be used as an inconvenient precedent, has restrained the Legislature. During the present session an act of relief passed to a third reading, however, but it has just been defeated in the House, in consequence of being encumbered with several amendments, making provision for similar acts of past violence. This is greatly to be regretted. The State owes protection to the citizen, and redress of injuries inflicted upon him, in defiance of its laws.

Carvajal is operating again on our Southern frontier. He is evidently encouraged by some of our own people. He intrigued with the Texan Rangers before their discharge, so that they were no sooner out of service than they enrolled themselves under his banner, and about fifty of them, under a Major Noland, from the American side, lately made a descent upon Reynosa, and strung up the Alcalde until he consented to make them a contribution.

Our Government ought to put a stop to these piratical proceedings; they disgrace the country, and naturally embitter the Mexicans against us.

The Rev. John Angell James has not got his eyes open to the Anti-Christian tendencies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, so piously bewailed by the New York *Observer*. In a beautiful letter to Mrs. Stowe, complimenting her work, he says: "You have taught the world by a new lesson how man is to be reformed and governed, even when sunk, by oppression and by crime, into the lowest depth of degradation, by the omnipotence of God."

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans (La.) *Christian Advocate*, also says in a letter dated February 26th, "Whatever be the opinion on slavery, it will be acknowledged that this work has done one good in France, viz: it has *awakened a desire in many minds to read the Bible.* Colporteurs have reported lately that the question has been put to them whether their Bibles were the same as Uncle Tom's, and when the affirmative answer has been made, the Bible has been bought at once." How thankful the New York *Observer* must feel!

The Nashville *True Whig* is delighted with our comments upon the proceedings of the three conventions of Ohio—Democratic, Independent Democratic, and Whig—and points to the conservative ground assumed by the Whig party of Ohio, as an example to the Whigs of Tennessee, and encouragement to them to maintain their position. It dreads the "Free Soil" affinities of the Democracy of the North.

The Washington correspondent of the *South Side* (Va.) *Democrat*, a warm Pierce paper, says that the declension of Mr. Dickenson of his appointment to the Collectorship of New York was the result of a belief on his part, and that of his friends, that he has now a fair prospect of a Presidential nomination in 1856—a prospect founded on his Southern friends. Hence their anxiety to keep up the dissensions in New York State, so as to maintain his prominence before the South.

The Richmond (Va.) *Examiner* in its passion for throwing stones, sometimes hits its friends. Referring to Charles Beecher's report on the subject of "Spiritual Rapping," it says—

"An old proverb declares that birds of a feather flock together; and though it does not always follow that a man who is a fool on one topic is invariably a fool on all others, yet it is more frequently the case than otherwise. Certain is it, that when a man is seen to give a ready and credulous ear to one new fangled absurdity, he will be exceedingly apt to do so in favor of all others."

It ought to be known that when the Rappers were here during the session of Congress, the gentlemen most profoundly interested in their exercises were generally from the South. The chivalry of South Carolina were specially favored with communications, holding high converse with Calhoun, Hayne, and other departed heroes.

The *Richmond* (Va.) *Whig* is tickled at the idea of the disappointment the English people will feel on seeing Mrs. Stowe. It is mightily consoled at being informed that she is "a very ungainly, coarse, vulgar-looking woman, with a long peaked nose, through which she speaks—an abomination in the eyes and ears of all civilized people." The refined gallantry of these papers is equal to their nice criticism. Uncle Tom's Cabin has suffered as much from the one as its author is likely to be disturbed by the other.

Father Gavazzi is denounced by the *New York Courier & Inquirer* for assailing Popery, and Mrs. Stowe for assailing Slavery. Both, it contends, do no good, but much harm—the one by fanning the flame of sectional excitement, the other by aggravating sectarian prejudice; and both, it is sure, only strengthens what they assail. The philosophy of the *Courier* is, that the only right way to remove an evil, or reform an abuse, is to *let it alone*; that the surest way to spread light is to put it under a bushel; that if you would put a stop to any wrong thing, you must never oppose it; that to do nothing is the true secret of the world's progress. To expose the abuses of Popery is to aggravate them; to denounce the wrongs of Slavery is to perpetuate them; to proclaim the woes of Intemperance is to spread them; to war against a corrupt Government is to strengthen it; to preach Truth anywhere, in any form, against Error, is to perpetuate the latter, and injure the former. Who can doubt the wisdom of such a teacher?

The *Washington Union* publishes an article from the *Providence Post*, exulting over the late Democratic victory in Rhode Island. The Free or Independent Democrats cast about six hundred votes; but they would have done much better, had not all the candidates on the Democratic ticket been Anti-Slavery men. Our Southern friends must not overlook this fact. Mr. Thurston, Democratic candidate from the western district, has always been recognised as a friend of Freedom, ready at all times, when any practical issue arose in Congress between Slavery and Freedom, to record his vote against the former. Mr. Davis, elected from the eastern district, had been known for many years as a consistent, genuine, and an active Abolitionist. The *Free Democrat* says, that to him probably, as much as to any one man in Rhode Island, the present Free Democratic organization in that State owes its existence:

"He it was, who did so much in ploughing up the sterile soil, and sowing the seed and maturing that harvest which, we trust, will soon be ready for the ingathering. We can testify to his faithfulness as an officer of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society; to the wisdom of his counsels; to his fidelity to the slaves; to the liberality of his contributions for carrying forward the Anti-Slavery cause, both in this State and in the neighboring Commonwealths."

He preferred to be nominated by the Old Line Democracy, and hence the nomination of another candidate by the Independent Democrats. His election is equivalent to a repudiation of the Baltimore platform.

General James N. Bethune has started a paper at Columbus, Georgia, called the *Corner Stone*, for the avowed purpose of advocating a dissolution of the Union—believing that the General Government is administered solely for the benefit of the North, and that the union of the two sections "is evil, only evil, and that continually."

Death at last completed its work with William R. King, Vice President of the United States. He died on the evening of the 18th, at his residence in Selma, Alabama. He was a Representative in Congress from North Carolina, from 1811 to 1816; then Secretary of Legation to Russia; next Senator from Alabama, from 1819 to 1845; then Minister Plenipotentiary to France; again Senator from 1849 to 1853, closing his career as Vice President of the United States.

Mr. Stanly, late a Representative in Congress from North Carolina, is in Washington, on his way to California, where he intends to reside, and follow his profession. We do not believe he will give countenance to the conspiracy to plant Slavery in that new State.

The sailors remember their benefactor. A few days since, Mr. Hale, who succeeded in having an act passed prohibiting flogging in the navy, was invited to visit the U. S. sloop-of-war Germantown, by Commander Nicholson. The crew was mustered, and he made a short speech. The sailors cheered him most vehemently. According to Commander Nicholson, his crew "gets along" admirably without the lash.

Maryland is too much under Papal influence. A bill, now under consideration in the Legislature, to divide the school fund—in other words, to break up the present common school system, and make appropriation for the support of sectarian schools—is exciting much feeling in Baltimore. Recently an immense meeting, to protest against it, was held in the Maryland Institute.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Republic*, in a letter dated the 19th, says that Father Gavazzi, the famous Italian patriot, formerly a Catholic priest, has been refused the use of the Mechanics' Institute in that city, and that there would probably be much excitement at his lecturss, which were to be delivered in Temperance Hall. Have we a Tuscany in this country? Has the Pope of Rome suppressed freedom of discussion in Baltimore?

Governor Cobb has written a letter to a gentleman in Georgia, advising the breaking up of the Union party, and the reorganization of the old Democratic party. The Union party having made him Governor, and Mr. Toombs Senator, has of course done its work, fulfilling that whereunto it was appointed.

We notice in the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, a very kind response to our late article on the subject of the Independent Democracy and Free Trade, &c. It presents no new fact or argument; and our views remain unchanged. If the Free or Independent Democratic party would secure the confidence of the People and the control of the Government, it must form and declare its views on every question of legislation in which the People are interested, and these views must be in harmony with its fundamental principle—*equality of rights.* The policy of evasion or non-committalism, which it has always condemned in the old parties, it will hardly adopt for itself.

The *Commercial*, of Lavaca, Texas, Saturday, March 26, contained the following editorial notice:

"We learn from a gentleman, just in from the West, that a couple of negroes, belonging to Mr. Lott on the San Antonio river, stole two of the best horses he had on his plantation, some ten or twelve days ago, and made off for Mexico. They succeeded in making their way to the neighborhood of Brownsville, when they were overtaken by a party of United States soldiers, who ordered them to surrender; they refused to do so, and, manifesting a disposition to resist any attempt that might be made by the soldiers to retake them, were immediately shot down.

"The killing of the negroes has been a serious loss to Mr. Lott, as they were two of the most valuable hands he had upon his place."

Are United States soldiers paid for catching runaway negroes? Is it the business of the officers of the army stationed on our Texan frontier, to play the part of overseers to the planters? And if this be so, are the slaves under military rule, and to be shot down, like brutes, at the pleasure of the soldiery? The comment of the editor of the paper is characteristic. He is not shocked at the murder of the slaves, but grieved at the loss of the master! "The killing of the negroes has been of serious loss to Mr. Lott." We shall not be surprised to see a claim submitted by Mr. Lott to the next Congress for damages! This paragraph from the *Commercial* will go to Europe in the same mail which carries denunciations of Uncle Tom's Cabin as a libel on our institutions!

The *New Orleans Crescent* gives an interesting account of a lad of thirteen, held as a slave, who appeared a few days since in the Recorder's office of the First District, and claimed his freedom. His name is Francisco Robella; he is said to be a fine intelligent fellow, with a fair complexion, straight hair, and every indication of having descended from a pure lineage. His story is, that he is a native of Paraguay, the son of an officer in the Brazilian army; that about five years ago he was kidnapped by the captain of a vessel bound for the United States, carried to Baltimore, sold there as a slave, whence he was taken to New Orleans, and purchased by a Mr. Maynard, who had taken a private act of sale as evidence of his title, of which, however, he held only a copy, the original having been lost. The Brazilian consul has resolved to have the case thoroughly investigated. If the boy has been kidnapped, the country is interested in knowing who that captain is.

Ex-Governor Smith, of Virginia, is a candidate for Congress in the Fauquier district, on his own responsibility. He repudiates Conventions; styles them necessary evils in some cases, but holds that in a district so decidedly Democratic as his own, they ought not to be submitted to. The *South Side* (Va.) *Democrat*, much as it admires the Ex-Governor, chides him for this rebellious demonstration, tells him that to Conventions the Democracy in Virginia, as elsewhere, owes its ascendency, and hopes that unless he conform to the old party usage, he may be left at home. By the way, the Ex-Governor was lately figuring in California, acting, if we are not misinformed, with that tribe of politicians who are seeking an outlet for Slavery on the Pacific coast. Has he been disappointed? Was he overruled in his pretensions for office in the new State?

The *Hagerstown* (Md.) *News* says that the whole number of slaves in Washington county, of that State, is 1,788, valued at $317,000—or an average of $177.50 each. The *News* remarks that the slaves, since 1841, have decreased one-half in number and value.

The validity of the law of South Carolina, imprisoning free colored seamen entering the port of Charleston, is about being tested—the British consul having brought an action against the sheriff of Charleston, to recover $4,000 for the false imprisonment of Manuel Pereira, a colored British subject. We would remind the reader that Buell & Blanchard, printers, in Washington, have just issued a volume entitled "*Manuel Pereira,*" by Mr. Adams, of Georgia, in which the incidents of the seizure and imprisonment of this sailor are worked up into a very interesting narrative.

Col. Gilbert, of Jackson parish, Louisiana, has been committed to jail, on the charge of having murdered a Mr. John Bryant. Bryant was the only witness against Gilbert, in a criminal action of "unmentionable nature," which was to be tried a week after the day on which the murder was perpetrated. He was ploughing, when he was shot in the back from behind a fence, and his son, a boy of twelve years of age, who happened to be with him, testifies that he saw Gilbert commit the deed. The *North Louisianian*, published at Bathrop, Louisiana, remarks:

"For the present, public feeling is very strong against Gilbert; *but as he is well off, and makes about 100 bales of cotton, it is not likely that he will suffer more than temporary inconvenience. Such has been our experience in North Louisiana.*"

This is painful testimony. Bryant, it seems, was a working man, and Gilbert a wealthy planter.

It is apprehended that there will be this year a scarcity of provisions at the South. The *Cotton Plant* says that nearly the whole "force" of the South will be thrown into the cotton culture. If this be so, the probable consequences will be, a fall in the price of cotton, and a rise in the price of provisions.

The daily papers in Washington publish a correspondence between Colonel Benton and Mr. Davis, Secretary of War, in which the Colonel suggests the employment of Mr. Beale, Superintendant of Indian Affairs in California, and Colonel Fremont, in the reconnoissances of routes for a good road to the Pacific. Mr. Davis replies, that in consequence of the great pressure upon his time since his entering upon the duties of his office, he has not yet taken up the subject. He promises, however, so soon as the subject shall come up, carefully to examine the views submitted by Colonel Benton, and before any final action, to have a personal interview with him in reference to it.

Mr. Borland having declined the appointment of Governor of New Mexico, has accepted that of Minister to Central America.

There is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Mr. Slidell, after all, may miss being Senator, as the Democratic members of the Legislature of Louisiana have refused to hold a caucus for the nomination of a Senatorial candidate, and both Houses have agreed upon a resolution to adjourn the 2d of May.

A telegraphic despatch announces the loss of the steamer Independence, on her way from San Juan to San Francisco, on the 10th of February. It is supposed that she took fire during a storm, and that an unsuccessful attempt was made to run ashore on Margaretta island. The flames spread rapidly, the boats were swamped, the powder magazine was blown up, and nearly two hundred of her five hundred passengers were lost.

The official returns of the late election in Connecticut show 8,924 votes for Gillette, F. Dem.; 30,814 for Seymour, Dem.; and 20,671 for Dutton, Whig. The aggregate vote for the Independent Democratic candidate for Congress was 3,328.

Hereafter the single rate of letter postage between the United States and Brazil, *via* England, will be 45 cents instead of 87—pre-payment required; and to Java, *via* Southampton, 45 cents for less half an ounce.

Despatches from New Orleans report that Gov. Lane of New Mexico had issued a proclamation claiming Morella valley as a portion of American territory. Col. Sumner, who was ordered by him to proceed and take possession of it, refused to obey the order on the ground that it was Mexican territory, and several hundred Mexican troops had been dispatched with orders to resist any attempt by the Americans to enforce the claim of the Governor.

FREE DEMOCRACY IN IOWA.

LINN COUNTY.—A Convention of the Free Democracy of this county was held at the court house in Marion, on the first day of April, and was organized by electing Allison I. Willits president, and Robert Smyth secretary. A committee of five was appointed to draft a constitution for the Free Democratic Association of Linn County, auxiliary to the Free Democratic Association of the State of Iowa.

"On motion, the Convention proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, whereupon Robert Smyth was chosen president, Allison I. Willits and A. Van Dorn vice presidents, William M. Stewart secretary, William Vaughn treasurer, and Thomas Hare, Joseph Carson, and Peter Kepler, an executive committee.

"The Committee on the Platform reported the State Platform of principles adopted at Washington, [nearly identical with the Pittsburgh Platform,] which, with the necessary changes of names, was adopted.

"The following was adopted, and made a part of the Platform:

"'That the Church and State should be kept separate; that all denominations should be tolerated and protected; and that no denomination should enjoy preferences or privileges not granted to others.'"

The Convention was in session two days, and numerous speeches were delivered. A committee was appointed to request of Messrs. J. C. Ward, J. S. Fullerton, J. R. Mershon, and A. Hoyt, a copy of their respective addresses, for publication.

The following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved,* That it is with grief and astonishment that we contemplate the introduction of slavery in the State of Illinois, and that we believe it resulted from the fact that slavery is aggressive; that this is the nature of tyranny, and shows us that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." *

THE DAILY REGISTER, PHILADELPHIA.—The editor of this paper, Prof. Birney, manifests a rare and happy combination of independence, tact, industry, and genius. His long residence abroad, while it has not abated in any degree his intense Americanism, has prepared him to speak understandingly of the affairs of Europe, and gives value to his foreign articles and speculations. We take pleasure in commending his paper to those of our readers who are in want of a Philadelphia paper. J. G. W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE METROPOLITAN. A Monthly Magazine. Baltimore, Md.: John Murphy & Co.

This is a very handsome monthly, edited by a clergyman, and "devoted to Religion, Education, Literature, and General Information." It is an organ of the Roman Catholic Church, and all its literature is identified with the religion of that church. Our Protestant monthlies or newspapers not unfrequently so completely ignore all religion, that it might be doubted whether their editors had ever heard of Christianity. But the Catholic carries his religion with him everywhere, and his literature and politics are controlled by it. The Metropolitan does not like Mrs. Stowe: Uncle Tom's Cabin, it admits, is "a fascinating book," but it seems to consider it little better than Pandora's box.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICINE. By Henry T. Johnson, M. D. Philadelphia. Issued monthly, at $2.50 a year.

The work, we believe, is an exponent of the Botanico-Medical theory. It divides all agencies, brought to act upon the system in a state of disease, into two classes—those which act in harmony with nature, aiding the powers of the living system, and those which oppose nature, and, by weakening, impairing, and reducing the constitution, plant the seeds of disease deeply and securely in the living system. The first class it styles innocent—the second class, poisonous. Alas! who shall tell us what agencies are always poisonous, what always innocent? The doctors, of course; they know all about it; but, unfortunately, they have not yet agreed.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN. March, 1853. Cincinnati, Ohio.

We always find in this Journal some novel and curious speculations and researches. In the number before us, there is a careful article by the editor, comparing the Gallian system of Phrenology and the Neurological system, and presenting the characteristic features of the latter.

THE HORTICULTURIST, and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. Rochester, N. Y.: P. Barnes.

A very neatly printed and well edited Horticultural Journal, published monthly, at two dollars a year.

THE FREE-WILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY. Conducted by an Association. April, 1853. Providence, R. I.: Williams, Day, & Co.

The second number fulfills the promise of the first. One of the most noticeable articles is a review of Fowler on Religion, natural and revealed. The just claims of Phrenology are acknowledged, but Mr. Fowler is pretty severely handled.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART. April, 1853. New York: Alexander Montgomery.

This is really a meritorious work. The publisher seems determined to spare no pains to make it what its name purports. Many of the engravings are exquisite.

Single copy, 25 cents—yearly subscription, three dollars.

AGNES SOREL, a Novel. By G. P. R. James. New York: The Harpers. For sale by Franck Taylor, Washington, D. C.

Another novel from the pen of James, intended to be a picture of certain characters of the fifteenth century, "dressed somewhat in the garb of the times, and moved by those springs of action" which influenced men in that age.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1853. J. McClintock, D. D., Editor. New York: Carlton & Phillips. For sale by Gray & Ballantyne, 7th st., Washington, D. C.

This number abounds in good articles on subjects of general interest—among them, Geographical Statistical Science, Japan and the Japanese, Vestiges of Civilization, the Eclipse of Faith, &c. The short review and notices of new publications are, as usual, pertinent and discriminative.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

There is a good deal of light, pleasant entertainment in this number. One or two articles are devoted to graver topics. The Peace Societies, Elihu Burritt and his Olive Leaves are handled rather roughly. The writer is anything but a non-resistant; and we must avow our sympathy with him in the present state of things, when Might everywhere is lording it over Right.

A little muscular effort is a great help to moral suasion, in abating Despotism and Oppression.

MEDICAL MORALS. By George Gregory. New York: Published by the Author.

This little pamphlet, with its illustrations, is well calculated to awaken a public sentiment in favor of the education of women in the obstetrical art, so that they may be fully qualified to minister to the peculiar wants of their sex.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. April, 1853. For sale by Franck Taylor, Penn. avenue, Washington, D. C.

This magazine has reached a circulation of 115,000, and is still increasing. The number before us is full of good matter, and contains the closing part of a piquant article on Crusoe Life, or a Narrative of Adventures in the Island of Juan Fernandez; from the pen of J. Ross Browne, the author of that delightful book, Yusef, or a Crusade in the East.

RUTH. A Novel. By the Author of Mary Barton. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. For sale by Taylor & Maury.

We have rarely read so true a story—that is, a story of whose truth we found so little ground for question, as this. The characters are such veritable men and women; the incidents are of such every day probability, and the whole movement of the story is so natural, so real, that one almost forgets he is reading, and sees it *lived* out before him. It is not a brilliant book, nor a romantic book; the author has cultivated thought rather than style. It is a simple history of the heroic life of a poor, beautiful, parentless girl, who, seduced and abandoned at sixteen—being shown the true path—works her way to Heaven in spite of the persecution and scorn of this immaculate world of ours. *

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR FOREFATHERS: What they Suffered and What they Sought. By James G. Miall. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Taylor & Maury.

The author tells us "the design of this work is to exhibit, in a form as little repulsive as the nature of the subject will allow, some of the phenomena of Religious Intolerance, especially as it has been displayed in a Protestant form; and to indicate the mistaken principle in which these melancholy results have had their origin." The book forms a compact and most admirable history of persons and events associated with, and resulting from, the struggles for religious liberty in England. Conspicuous localities are described, and accompanied with illustrative sketches made by the author. *

REMINISCENCES OF THOUGHT AND FEELINGS. By the Author of "Visiting my Relations." Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury.

This purports to be in part an autobiography of the author's religious experience. It is a series of opinions and speculations upon the various and multitudinous subjects, that daily life brings before the mind of every thinking person. Many good, wholesome truths are well expressed, and the whole makes an exceedingly interesting and readable narrative. *

THE LAWYER. By Richard B. Kimball, Counsellor at Law, New York. New York: Published by Putnam & Co.

This is a very admirable lecture delivered before the *Law Institute*, a society composed of the most distinguished members of the legal profession in that city. An honest lawyer was once thought to be a *rara avis*. There has been believed to exist among the learned profession, some sort of ethics which placed a lawyer out of the pale of responsibilities bearing upon other men. And Lord Brougham has said, "An advocate, by the sacred duties which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—*that client, and none other*. To save that client by all expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and cost to all others, and, among other things, to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring on any other." Now, these are the morals which have made the profession of law so odious in the minds of the people in all ages, past and present. And we are gratified to hear Mr. Kimball, whom we are happy to number among our personal friends, thus express himself: "A mere monstrous doctrine, I do not hesitate to say, was never broached. * * * There is no such thing—there ought to be no such thing—as the morality of the advocate, as distinguished from the morality of the man."

We commend this pamphlet to our readers, and our friend Kimball to those whose necessities of business make it desirable to employ an upright, skillful, and able lawyer. *

MRS. STOWE AND HER NEW BOOK.

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Published by Jewett & Co. For sale at the office of the National Era, by Lewis Clephane, and by the bookstores generally.

The long-promised book is at last published. It embodies the original facts and documents upon which Uncle Tom's Cabin was founded, and forms a volume of 262 pages. We were among those who were inclined to doubt the expediency of such a work. The story spoke for itself, and its truthfulness was attested by the heart of Humanity. Admit the possession of absolute power, such as the Slave Code confers on the master, and just such consequences must follow as are portrayed in Mrs. Stowe's novel. No man who understands what human nature is, and knows how to reason, and is not warped by prejudice, will deny this. He who does deny it, will scarcely be convinced by any documentary evidence that can be produced. He will raise precisely the same objections to the facts that he raised against the representations in the story—namely, that they are so constructed and arrayed as to convey a false impression. For this reason, and because we apprehended that the collection of such facts and documents as could be easily collected and submitted to the Public, might arouse the bitter antagonism of the South, and close its heart to the more winning appeals of Mrs. Stowe through her fictitious narrative, we could have wished that she had let her assailants contradict and silence themselves, and given us another work of the class to which Uncle Tom's Cabin belongs. And this we know would have been more in accordance with her taste. She says, with great truth we doubt not, that "this work is one which has been written with no pleasure, and with much pain. In fictitious writing, it is possible to find refuge from the horrid and the terrible, by inventing scenes and characters of a more pleasing nature. No such resource is open in a work of fact; and the subject of this work is one on which the truth, if told at all, must needs be very dreadful. There is no bright side to Slavery, *as such*. Those scenes which are made bright by the generosity and kindness of masters and mistresses would be brighter still if the element of Slavery were withdrawn. There is nothing picturesque or beautiful in the family attachment of old servants, which is not to be found in countries where these servants are legally free. * * * * Slavery, therefore, is not the element which forms the picturesque and beautiful of Southern life."

Mrs. Stowe was aware that if she did not undertake a work of this sort, somebody else would; and she preferred to do it herself, rather than have it done in an intolerant and a severe spirit. She has discharged what she considered her duty, with fidelity, ability, and kindness. She demonstrates her accurate knowledge of the law of Slavery, and her familiarity with its practical workings. There is not a character in Uncle Tom's Cabin for which she does not find a counterpart, not an incident for which she does not present a parallel. It is sheer nonsense to question the facts and documents she submits; for the accompanying evidence is such, that if slaveholders assail it, they but repudiate their own testimony. Throughout the work, she takes every legitimate occasion to relieve the dark picture, by bringing out what is excellent in Southern character and institutions. Her war is not on the Southern People, but on a system which is intrinsically barbarous and exceptional among the institutions of our country. She assumes for human nature in the North no superior virtue. She does not sit in judgment upon character, but upon institutions; and by an array of facts not to be questioned, furnished by slaveholders themselves, she demonstrates that all that is peculiar to Slavery, as distinguishing it from free labor, is "evil, and only evil, and that continually."

And is this surprising? Have the American People yet to learn that Freedom is the right of man, and the necessary condition to Progress? That Slavery is a state of violence, degrading to human nature, and an obstacle to all progress? That Free Labor is a blessing, and Slave Labor a curse? Can any American, who has not forgotten that our Fathers rebelled against the British Government because it asserted the right—not to convert them into property, but—to appropriate to its own use a portion of their property, without their consent, and justified their rebellion by affirming the equal rights of all men to life, liberty, property, and happiness, deny that the Law which subjects one man to the will, and for the paramount benefit of, another, making not only his earnings but himself, body and soul, the property of that other, is and must be, "evil, only evil, and that continually." And yet, for proclaiming and proving this truth, Mrs. Stowe will fall under the bitterest maledictions of a portion of her countrymen. She will be charged with fanaticism, with bigotry, with want of patriotism, with treason against the Union; fanaticism, because she believes Despotism a sin against God and man; bigotry, because she believes Slave Labor is evil, and Free Labor good; hatred of her country, because she seeks her country's advancement by the removal of her country's curse; treason against the Union, because she has devoted her noblest energies to the overthrow of the one great Evil that disturbs its harmony and jeopards its existence.

But she can afford to be abused. The very ferocity of her enemies bears witness to her power; the world acknowledges her genius, and oppressed, down-trodden Humanity everywhere will rise up and call her blessed. She will live, her fame forever brightening, and her good deeds bearing fruit forever, while the miscreants who now ruthlessly assail her shall be reaping their reward, with the Neros and Haynaus of mankind, in the execrations of posterity.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

We have neglected to notice the recent improvements of this valuable journal. It has has been greatly enlarged, put in new and beautiful type, and is now printed on paper which costs more money than the publishers receive for it after it is printed. Of course, they depend upon their vast advertising patronage for compensation and profit. It presents a strong corps of editors—Greeley, Pike, Davis, Taylor, Ripley, and Snow. All its department are handsomely provided for; its correspondence is rich and varied.

We differ from the *Tribune* on many points—in relation, for example, to the true functions of Government, and to the true method of political action. Besides, it seems to us, that it is sometimes inconsistent, sometimes prejudiced, occasionally rude; but it is very able, very industrious, very vigilant, very bold, very humane; so that while we dislike it for some things, we like it greatly for many more things, and sincerely wish that its noble spirit of enterprise may be amply rewarded.

"FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE."

We again call attention to the Prospectus of *Facts for the People*. Let returns be made immediately. The project appears to be received with great favor, but individual effort is required to give it success. Let the clubs be sent in forthwith. We repeat, that we cannot send such a publication to *single* subscribers. By the way, the postage will amount to but six cents a year on each copy, paid in advance at the office where delivered to subscribers.

Come, friends, let us hear from you. We wish to know how many copies to issue on the 1st of June.

The Hartford (Conn.) *Republican* says of the *Facts for the People*—

"Precisely such a work is needed. It will more than take the place of tracts under the old system. His prices are, six copies for $1; twenty for $3; and one hundred for $12.

"Connecticut should take at least ten thousand copies of this document. Give the people light!"

The Onondaga *Gazette* says—

"By reference to the Prospectus, in another column, it will be seen that it is to be just such a publication as every Anti-Slavery man ought to have; and, as it is to be published for almost nothing, we hope it will have a circulation commensurate with the ability with which it will be edited."

The Ashtabula *Sentinel* says—

"The plan is a good one, and it is to be hoped that those interested in the diffusion of reliable information upon the great question of the age, will make the project effective by meeting the proposition promptly. Let the people have the FACTS, and we are safe!"

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

The late election in Rhode Island has resulted in the success of the Democratic candidates for Governor and members of Congress, all of whom, it is understood, are of the school of Jefferson and Rantoul, and, of course, opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law.

Hon. Thomas Davis, the member elect from Providence district, we have long known as a radical and honest reformer. He detests Slavery as heartily as Gerrit Smith or Joshua R. Giddings. He will undoubtedly support the general policy of the Administration; but whenever a question arises between Freedom and Slavery, he will be found on the right side. Hon. B. B. Thurston, the other member, is understood to be opposed to the Anti-Democratic Fugitive Slave Law. J. G. W.

THE DAILY DEMOCRAT, is the title of a new Independent Democratic daily recently commenced at Detroit, Michigan, by S. H. Baker and Jabez Fox, editors of the *Michigan Weekly Democrat*. It is vigorously conducted, and frankly maintains the principles of true Democracy. We hail the establishment of this paper as an indication of the healthful condition of the Free Democracy of Michigan.

RAILROAD RECORD, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—A new weekly, under this title, comes to us from Cincinnati, edited, we believe, by Professor E. D. Mansfield. It is intended to be a journal of Commerce, Railway, Manufacture and Statistics; and of the ability of Mr. Mansfield to make it in all these particulars a journal of great value and interest, no one who knows him can doubt.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

NEW YORK, *April* 29, 1853.

The steamer Arabia arrived here at an early hour this morning, having touched at Liverpool at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 9th instant.

England.—Queen Victoria had given birth to another son.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had submitted to Parliament an elaborate plan to reduce the national debt, by the conversion of the South sea minor stocks immediately, and eventually the 3 per cts., into permanent 2½'s, by the issue of exchequer bonds, transferable by simple delivery and without cost.

The Australian gold fever is rapidly spreading over all Europe. Thousands are emigrating there from different countries—mostly from England and Ireland.

France.—Considerable excitement prevails in the French manufacturing cities, consequent on the rumor that the Emperor intends to modify the duties on cotton.

There are no open opposition to the action of the Government, with regard to the Turkish or Sardinian Governments, and no movements of importance mentioned.

Austria.—The Sardinian Minister had demanded his passports, Austria having peremptorily refused the demands of Sardinia, respecting the confiscation of the property of her subjects in Lombardy. Trade at Vienna was stagnant.

Italy.—The Pope had concluded a loan for 20,000,000 francs with the Rothschilds.

The Two Sicilies were very unsettled. No insurrection had occurred at Palermo, but executions were nevertheless taking place. The Sardinian Slave Trade Repression bill had passed.

Turkey.—The adjustment of terms between Turkey and Russia progresses slowly.

Austria had sent a second note to Turkey complaining of the maltreatment of the Dalmatian Christians, to which the Porte has promised attention.

Belgium and Germany.—The Protestants of Holland are agitating against the establishment of a Catholic Hierarchy.

The King of Prussia had offered the Madiai family an asylum in his kingdom, but it is believed they will prefer England.

The Emperor is reported to have informed the Court of Accounts, that if the revenue continued to improve in the same ratio as now, he will soon be enabled to remit nearly 30,000,000 francs of land tax.

France is accused by the foreign press with lukewarmness in her remonstrances with Austria, in favor of Piedmont.

Prussia.—Accounts from Berlin to the 4th announce that the treaty which reconstitutes Zollverein for twelve years, with the accession of Stenerverein, had been signed by all the plenipotentiaries. The commercial treaty of February 19th, between Austria and Prussia, also received their adhesion.

The discoveries made by the police, in arrests at Berlin, prove that the conspiracy was in close alliance with the Italians—one of which, the unsuccessful outbreak at Milan, was a manifestation.

Dr. Kinkel was deeply mixed up in the Berlin affair.

Austria.—Accounts from Vienna confirm former statements, that the refugee question between Great Britain and Austria had been settled, by Great Britain promising to keep close supervision over refugees in London, and subjecting them to prosecution whenever they make themselves amenable either to English or international law.

It is stated, on the authority of the Paris *Journal des Debats*, that Austria peremptorily refused the demands of Sadinia, relative to her naturalized citizens.

Eight persons were shot at Cronsgrad, Hungary, on the 19th, for drinking with three notorious robbers, instead of informing against them. A ninth person was shot at the same place, for abetting in the escape of another robber, by giving a false name to the gensdarmerie.

Lombardy.—Accounts from Milan state that the rigors practised by the Austrian authorities begin to be very slowly relaxed. The public were permitted, under certain restrictions, to walk on the bastions during daylight.

The Two Sicilies.—Naples letters, of 27th, report society there in a very feverish state, although no actual outbreak occurred. Large numbers of persons were being quietly expatriated. The prisons are full, and yet arrests continued. The insurrection at Palermo, as reported via Genoa, appears to have been merely a small affray, in which some soldiers were stabbed, although the police pretended they had discovered in it a plot to assassinate the viceroy.

MARKETS.

Liverpool, April 9.—Wheat shows a decline of 2*d.* on last week. All circulars agree in quoting Genesee and Pennsylvania white at 6*s.* 8*d.* a 7*s.*; mixed and red, 6*s.* 4*d.* a 6*s.* 9*d.* A decline of 1*s.* per barrel is established upon all descriptions of flour, with considerable speculative business transacted. Prices on Friday, the 8th; Baltimore, 23*s.* 6*d.*; Philadelphia, 23*s.*; Ohio, 23*s.* 6*d.*; Western Canal, 21*s.* 6*d.* a 22*s.* Indian corn—yellow scarce; and moderate demand at 31*s.* 6*d.*; white has receded 6*d.* a 1*s.* per quarter; sales at 29*s.*

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CUBA, JAMAICA, AND HAYTI.

BATABANO, CUBA, *March* 31.

To the Editor of the National Era:

"Non unas, mentes, agitat furor," all men are not mad in the same way, says Juvenal, speaking of the rash men who go to sea in search of gain. Perhaps, like Ulysses and myself, Juvenal was "semper nauseator," in which case I don't wonder that peddling wares over the seas seemed to him good ground for a commission de lunatico; and I am sure that if "concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas" seemed to him an insufficient inducement to incur the risks of a Levantine voyage, it never would have satisfied him as the plea of a man who should devote himself to a life on a sugar estate for that cause alone. Sugar planting, fostered by the Spanish on the principle of fattening the victim you mean to kill, has become the great remunerative crop of Cuba. My excellent host, who formerly planted coffee in the Vuelta Arriba, found himself obliged to change his business by the decline in the value of that product, and so transferred himself to the sugar estate which he now occupies in the Vuelto Abajo. As the only large sugar planter in a comparatively populous district, he enjoys a ready sale of his products on the spot, and, without sending anything to Havana, clears a fine per centage on his investment every year; and as he does not export, he is not obliged to adopt the modern expensive French machinery, which produces finer sugar at a higher cost. But the same causes which insure his pecuniary advantage deprive him of society. There are no persons in the neighborhood with whom he can associate, and he lives here a practical exile, relieved occasionally by a visit to the United States. He said to me once, "Nothing pleasant ever *happens* here, and the best news I can have, when I go out in the morning, is no news." But for the constant occupation he finds in attending to his estate, I should think his life would be an intolerable one. That occupation is indeed constant. The estate is a very large one—I know not how many acres of land—waving with the beautiful tall cane-plants; pastures full of pigs, mules, and horses; a steam-engine, to crush the life out of the canes, and two trains of boilers to regenerate it into sugar; seventeen white men to superintend different departments, and 220 negroes of all work. They manufacture 25,000 pans of purged sugar per annum, at about 50 pounds of sugar to the pan, and some 400 pipes of aguardiente. This, as you see, is a rather large farm, and requires not a little attention. It is, in fact, a colony or small State, demanding from the administrator no ordinary qualities of judgment and temper. And here, I have no doubt, I have seen agricultural slavery in its most tolerable aspect. The firmness and mildness combined of ——'s government are quite remarkable. Really believing that the whip is a necessity on the plantation, (just as you find intelligent officers of the army and navy who tell you it is a *necessity* in those services, and honest judges and clergymen who tell you hanging is a necessity in civil society,) really believing this, he takes the infliction of punishment wholly upon himself, allowing no negro to be sentenced or chastised, excepting by himself and under his own eye, after trial, and with the coolness of a judicial infliction. And when you remember that what a slave has most to dread of physical suffering is that which may proceed from the passion of ignorant overseers, you will appreciate the sense of duty which is shown in this regulation. But the Cuban laws lay a rein upon the authority of the master in this matter of punishment, which, however loosely held by the Government, is drawn up with great force in case of extreme inhumanity. There is a master here above the masters, and this is one great element of superiority in the condition of the Cuban slave over that of his brethren on the main land. Another, of still greater price, is the law which gives him a hope in this world as well as in the next. Any slave may purchase his freedom, for a sum decided by arbitration; nor can his master refuse his offer. This fact alone would constitute an essential difference between American and Cuban slavery. The Cuban slave has some incentive to work for himself—the American none at all. Each slave is allowed to own a pig, which he fattens freely on the place, and sells when he pleases. Pork is really the only superior meat of the island, and the monteros, (not mountaineers, but simply foresters, or, which is perhaps the best English word, yeomen,) those cock-fight and silver-spur loving Hidalgos, live almost exclusively on pork and plantain, which are to them as bacon and greens to a Virginian, or beef and water to a Guacho. Consequently, the negroes find their piggeries very profitable, and adding thereto a small tract of land, which they cultivate in tobacco or vegetables, they contrive to lay by some money every year.

The domestic relations of the slaves here, too, are protected by law, and the great immorality, which undoubtedly exists among them, is due not less to their own savage and unrestrained habits of life, and to the corrupt example of the whites, than to any such tyranny as that described in Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Creole, too, with all his vices, is a more easy and good-natured being than the American, and the brutalizing habit of drunkenness, which is too common in America is comparatively rare here.

I know well that there is a reverse side to this picture of the Cuban slave's condition. On some estates and by some owners I know that gangs of men are worked like Norfolk Island convicts, in a horrible seclusion from all human society. On the small vegas of this region particularly, you will often find four or five miserable men doomed to such a life of wretchedness—poor creatures, with whom the dreaded words "night work" have indeed an awful meaning, since this delicious moonlight, which seems to call forth only sweet and holy thoughts—this soft, clear, Southern moonlight—is to them a ghastly visitant, summoning them, weary and jaded with the day's toil, to dig and hoe and weed for long hours more. And on the great sugar estates, during the grinding season, "night work" means sixteen hours a day of toil, thus literally making "the night joint laborer with the day." But on some of the estates the arrangements, like those of my friend ——, are such as to avoid this.

Just now is the height of the grinding season, which, beginning in November, ends in April or May. Sunday is a day of rest even now, for the negroes, and it is by this alone that I know it to be Sunday; for I am now truly in a "churchless land remaining, far from all temples and from all divines," and the days are as alike as the days of Robinson Crusoe. For three days the negroes cut cane in the fields, whence it is hauled in ox-carts to the mill. Ninety-four yoke of oxen are employed here, chiefly in this work. When the great, red-tiled shed of the mill is full to the top, and the fat old Spanish sugar-master (who eats five meals a day and dreams every night he is dying of hunger) is nearly beside himself with fear, lest the mayoral will ruin him by giving him more juice than he can work up, the task changes, and for three days and nights the wild-looking hordes of negroes tramp up and down the platform of the mill, thrusting armsfull of cane into the ponderous jaws of the rolling machine, and there is no pause in the flowing of the milky stream of cane-juice, which, plunging in a small cataract from beneath the rollers, runs swiftly through canals of cloven palm trunks into the vats of the purging house, where it is put through a course of purgatorial endurances, to be tormented and transmogrified, sizzling here, foaming there, here moody and sluggish a brown and turbid pool, there tossing and bubbling an uneasy sea of liquid gold, sending up its wholesome vapors in dense white wreaths; now beaten into a perfect syllabub by stalwart negroes, with long paddles made of aloes-wood, and anon ladled out, in like manner, into a trench with lofty sides, wherein it is stirred and flung aloft in beautiful showers tinted with the softest browns, crystallizing slowly as it falls and cools. Three days and nights this work goes on. But they who are engaged in it, work by watches, like sailors, each watch working five hours, with a recess during that time of an hour and a half for sleep.

The laws of the island require the slaves to be enclosed at night in their baracon. This baracon, built around a hollow square, is divided into separate dwellings for the separate families. These domiciles are about as large as an average cabin in Wales, and far neater than anything of the kind I saw in that paradise of consonants.

The sight of women working in the fields was by no means a new sight to me, nor do I think that life more calculated to destroy either body or soul than the mournful existence of thousands of poor laboring women in our own cities. The hoe in the fields is less deadly than the needle in the garret. The old women (for the old of both sexes here are not sent to the dealers in human flesh, whose marts disgrace New Orleans) have a large nursery, in which they take charge of the children. Without the walls is the hospital, chiefly under the charge of an old African Sangrado, skilled in leeching and cupping, as also in compounding strange medicines, such as "the butter of snakes," and the like. The estate is, however, visited twice a week by a physician from the neighboring village.

I am convinced that I have seen agricultural slavery here under its best aspect, and I have tried to give you a faithful picture of it; and all that I have seen confirms my conviction that to him who only *looks at* slavery, who sees but the surface and the present moment, the deep and serious hostility to the system of all men who think earnestly upon the subject may indeed seem often unaccountable. There are frightful things enough to be seen, doubtless, in all slave countries, *but it is not easy for the traveller to see them*. That which is most terrible and overwhelming to a freeman, who finds himself amid a slave population, is the thought of that calm denial of human rights which has taken shape and life all around him. In a free country you may see the manufacturing operative starving in his hut, his wife laid in a pauper's grave, his children come to public shame. Yes; but the misery of this man is the misery of a *man*—of a man born free to work or to starve, you may say, but still born free to make even that dismal election—a man suffering now because the industry of his country suffers, and the social system is yet so imperfect that the hardest workers receive the least wages; but always free, when the industry of his country recovers its course, to strike for a better state; free, too, to think upon his condition, and to say to his fellows what he thinks of it, to take counsel and to prepare action. In a slave country you may see the slave, sleek, fat, and gay; but his enjoyment is not the enjoyment of a *man*. He came into the world with no liberty of choice as to his lot. He has a master, who may force him to eat, and then force him to work. His condition is uniform; what it was originally, that it is to the end. For him there is no Future. He is forbidden to think whether there be or be not anything better for him than his present state, and forbidden to speak on the subject. He is provided for always, like a beast or a child. He has no majority. His mind is never to be exercised upon those subjects which most inspire, elevate, and purify the human soul. Nor is he to dream of a better lot for his children. The future widens for the generations of the free—for the generations of the slave the thing that is now shall be forever.

This short stay in a slave country, surrounded by the mildest form of slavery, has brought the middle ages more vividly before me than ever did castle, schloss, or château. Why go to Ragland or Chambord, to Avignon or Baden, to read the records of those old seignorial times? The serfs are at our doors!

I tremble to think that this Island, with its half million of slaves, may so soon be added to the weight under which the Union staggers now. The condition of the negroes will be made far worse. The Spanish law will probably disappear with the Spanish crown. The American slave trade will flow in this direction, and the value of slaves, which the continual clandestine importation of Africans, and the introduction of coolies, bound to labor at $4 *a month*, cannot affect, will soon be diminished; for, though vast quantities of new land will be brought under cultivation, still the tobacco planting, to which the majority of American settlers will be naturally led, requires so few hands, that the supply of negroes from the States must affect their price. With the fall in price will come a corresponding change for the worse in their treatment. And as to the whites, the Creoles suddenly emancipated from the degrading tyranny of Spain, will hardly be found more fit for freedom, than their kinsmen of the Spanish continental dominions. Played upon by the most corrupt devices of demagogueism, what representatives will they not send to our unfortunate Congress! And yet what, but annexation, are we to expect? This Government, with its exacting, insulting Administration, its domiciliary visits, its still continued executions, cannot be long endured by the tamest people. Cuba once in revolt, who shall check the career thitherward of the sympathizers? Cuba once independent, and moved to annexation, where is the Northern delegation that will oppose her admission?

April 2.

My wish for a little tropical rain has been more than gratified. I cannot charm the water-demon back into his broomstick, and we are like to be flooded. We had a furious outpouring at Batabano, bucketsful fairly beating in the ground, thunder scaring the hounds, lightning brighter than molten iron. The air was so charged with electricity, that when I took my steel-bound spectacles from the table, I received a smart shock, accompanied by a very pretty spark; and the next day, when we set out for the Havana, we found the road, which always resembles a water-course, imperfectly reclaimed from the error of its ways in most admired disorder. But the little majagna shafts of the buoyant volante bore bravely the various shocks of our irregular motion; and the skilful calesero, now dragging his horses up a bank, now throwing them headlong into a gully, soon redressed the balance of our *minds*, though he could not preserve that of our bodies. Nothing more fragile than an ox-cart, nothing less pliant than a volante, could traverse these extraordinary roads. The abominable "corduroys" of the States would be welcomed here as a beneficent triumph of engineering. But the Cuban Macadam will only come in company with the Cuban Bolivar. The Spanish Government has no wish to encourage "internal improvements," which may tend to foster the interchange of sentiments and opinions between the different sections of the Island. They will not revoke the railway charters already granted; but they will probably grant no more. The cost of travelling in the Island is kept at so high a rate, by means of monopolies, that a trip from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, is more expensive than the trip from Boston to St. Louis. And this is on the great steam routes. Off those you must trust to your good genius and a Creole horse, for in many regions you must traverse roads utterly impassable by any vehicle. In going from the plantation to the Baths of San Diego, (the watering place of which I spoke to you in a previous letter, where the river, like some of our politicians, runs hot and cold, and lukewarm, within the course of a very short career,) the road in places is positively fearful. The narrowest mountain pass in Switzerland, where there is room for a *char a banc* to pass through, more appalling to the eye and the imagination, is less dangerous to the sober judgment of the mind, than those horrible gullies, where to be upset is to be smothered in mud after all your bones are broken by the fall. We, however, were not upset; and after fording the little Rio de la Columa, a brook when I last crossed it, now swollen to a river of respectable width, though very shallow, and more annoying by the weight of water to our horses than dangerous to ourselves, we safely reached the Almacen of Columa. This name, which sounds well enough, designates a town much like some that figure on our Western maps; to wit, consisting of three houses, a barn and a huge structure, at once warehouse, shop, and hotel. Such places are common enough in the States; but these Spanish American establishments have peculiar features of their own. Instead of the dreary counter, with its rows behind of sinister-looking decanters and demijohns, we had here a small booth-like apartment, arched over with a painted arch, decorated with the Spanish colors, and bearing the attractive inscription, "Las Delicias de la Columa," the appropriateness of the title being apparent on a glance at the shelves of sweetmeats, cigars, sardines, cordials, and aguardiente. The dispenser of these delights was an olive complexioned boy of 13, with a pair of laughing black eyes, like those of Murillo's musical ragamuffins at Dulwich. Within the spacious warehouse were to be found all manner of comestibles, from cod-fish to preserved figs. Above, and in the corridors below, were the rooms of the *hotel*, occupied at this season by the families of the Vegueras in the neighborhood, who come here for the "sea bathing;" that is, for the privilege of spending a couple of hours a day, paddling about in three feet or so of salt water, within a space of 15 feet by 12, in an enclosure covered with heavy palm-thatch.

The permanent population consists of three men and a boy, five cats, eleven dogs, and a game-cock—the latter beast, during his "piping times of peace," being tied by the leg to a chair in the storehouse. We asked the officer in command, how many guests were staying with him. "*Fifteen women*," he replied, "besides some *men and children*, perhaps forty in all!" I propose that the next "Woman's Rights Convention" be held in La Columa, for it is plain, that the male population, though not numerous, is better prepared for an unconditional surrender of the antiquated privileges of man, than any other beyond the precincts of California or Australia. We spent four or five hours at the Almacen, waiting for the steamboat, as is usual, during which time the fifteen females, so precious in the eyes of their host, came out into their saloon; this same saloon serving at the same time as a coach house for a dusty volante, and as a *private* dining-room for a family party, while its position on one side of the house, and its mural arrangements—there being no doors—enabled the occupants to observe the arrivals and departures, and to enliven their retirement with watching the loading of obstinate mules, diversified by an occasional dog-fight. The women were a very yellow, sickly-looking set of creatures, dressed in very bright colors. Their manners and customs were peculiarly naive and unconstrained. I was particularly attracted by one old lady of sixty, with a face like parchment. She wore a dress of scarlet and white muslin, orange-colored stockings, a blue silk shawl, gorgeously embroidered with large dahlias and roses, in green and yellow silk; a bunch of artificial flowers adorned her hair, and huge gold earrings glittered in her ears. Thus, wonderful in her appearance, she glided gracefully into the storehouse, purchased a long "Jenny Lind" cigar, asked the favor of a light from a Montero gentleman in a striped blue shirt, with a sword at his side, and huge spurs on his stockingless feet; and then returning to the "saloon," while the soft-hued smoke curled about her head, took up a large broom, and proceeded to sweep away from her chair and from under her feet the remnants of the morning's meal. The family party dined in private at two o'clock. They kindly invited every one who passed by to share their meal with them; but as four mules, one of whom liked to back viciously into the saloon, whenever his master came near him, were being loaded in the storehouse during the repast, we declined their invitation, hoping to make a decent meal on board the boat.

But the boat came up, and refused to stop for us till it should return from Colon, (a village a couple of miles beyond Columa, which was sacked three or four years ago by a company of lawyers and farmers of the country,) so we were forced to dine at the Almacen, in company with the people of the house, some laborers of the neighborhood, the crew of a lighter, and a half-drunken dragoon. And I must say, to the honor of these good souls, that their manners, though by no means elegant, were vastly better, more decent, unselfish, and becoming, than I have ever seen displayed by much better dressed companies on board of steamboats and at railway stations in the United States. Even the half-drunken dragoon evinced his state chiefly in imprecations upon the dogs, and when they "fought shy" of him, in requesting "Maria sanctissma purissima" to interest herself for their eternal perdition. This dragoon was a short, red-faced, white-haired, jaunty sort of fellow, very like an Irishman in features and expression. Indeed, the majority of the lower classes here look more like true Milesians than like Castilians. All one's romantic expectations of the haughty, sad-eyed Spanish face are miserably disappointed here. A more commonplace set of physiognomies I never saw. Once in a while, to be sure, you meet the grave Hidalgo countenance, or the keen, humorsome, Asturian face.

I came across Sancho Panza one day, masquerading in the white robe of a Dominican, and Lazarillo de Tormes drove me to the Cerro in a berlina. But the Catalan type is a vulgar one generally, vulgarly good or bad as the case may be; and the Creole faces are singularly weak or singularly disagreeable. Punch's juveniles are not more pitiably ludicrous than the short, thin, sallow, little fellows, in high hats, black dress coats, and white pantaloons, who promenade the Plaza, or play practical jokes on each other in the cafés. And but for the eager, excited negroes and mulattoes, a Cuban cockpit, where you find the best representation of the rustic Creoles, might be believed to be in Kerry or Connaught.

On the way up in the boat, nothing occurred worth mentioning, excepting that a civil engineer, to whom I was introduced, told me that he had just been selling a hacienda of land in the western department of the Vuelta Abajo, which had produced on an average $900 the *caballeria*, of about 33 acres. This was regarded as a very great price, and the hacienda comprised some of the best tobacco lands under cultivation; one small vega or farm on the estate, worked by one man alone without slaves, having netted $1,000 to its tenant during the last year. It is into this part of the island that a great tide of American immigration will flow when the long agony of annexation is over.

The tobacco cultivation can be undertaken with very small means, while the sugar estates demand a great original outlay; and Kentucky and Virginia will probably disgorge numbers of their restless sons upon the Vuelta Abajo.

The Creoles, who are looking forward now to the annexation as to the millenium, will probably soon learn, under the pressure of Yankee competition and in the irresistible current of Yankee progress, to look back on the days of King Log as on the true Saturnian Age.

W. H. H.

FREE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A Convention of Delegates of the Free Democrats of the State of Pennsylvania, being favorable to the declaration of principles and measures adopted by the National Convention held at Pittsburgh in 1852, to consist of such number of Delegates as may be appointed by Conventions held in the several counties, will be held at HARRISBURG, on Wednesday, the first day of June next, for the purpose of nominating candidates, to be supported at the next general election, for the offices of Auditor General, Surveyor General, and Canal Commissioner of Pennsylvania.

GEO. R. RIDDLE, of Alleg'y, *Chairman.*
JOHN S. MANN, of Potter,
C. D. CLEVELAND, of Philadelphia,
JAMES ROBB, of Pittsburgh,
MORDECAI M. McKINNEY, of Dauphin,
F. B. HUBBARD, of Mercer,
THOS. L. KANE, of Philadelphia,
H. A. WOODHOUSE, of Wayne,
State Central Committee.

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DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, N. Y., or
DERBY, ORTON, & MULLIGAN, Buffalo.
March 10—3t

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary is appointed to be held at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on Wednesday evening, May 11th, when the Annual Report will be presented, and the meeting addressed by several distinguished speakers.

WILLIAM JAY,
S. S. JOCELYN,
J. W. C. PENNINGTON,
JOSHUA LEAVITT,
LEWIS TAPPAN,
Committee of Arrangements.

VERMONT STATE CONVENTION.

A State Convention of the Free Democracy of Vermont will be holden at Montpelier, on *Tuesday, the 31st day of May next*, to nominate candidates for State officers, and to transact any other business deemed necessary at that time. A full representation of the party, from all parts of the State, is very important at the present time, and it is hoped that efficient measures will be taken to secure a large attendance of delegates. The members of the State Committee, in the several counties, are particularly requested to take immediate measures to secure a representation from every town in their respective counties.
EDWARD D. BARBER,
Chairman of the State Committee.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTICE.

The next Stated Meeting of the Synod of the Free Presbyterian Church (U. S.) will be held in the First Presbyterian Church of Ripley, Ohio, on the first Friday (3d day) of June, at 11 o'clock A. M.
GEORGE GORDON, *Moderator.*
J. R. GIBSON, *Stated Clerk.*
FRANKFORT, O., *April* 15, 1853.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE

For *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, which has the reputation, in every section of the Union, of being "the best young people's magazine in America." A new and improved volume has just commenced, and subscribers are pouring in from every quarter. Upwards of 2,500 new subscriptions have been received since the issue of the initial number. The editor's "Rambles in the old World," which have added so much to the popularity of the magazine, will be continued during the entire year. Each number contains 48 pages, is beautifully illustrated, and filled with just such reading as is best adapted to entertain and instruct the youthful reader. A yearly volume embraces nearly 600 pages, and about 100 engravings.

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D. A. WOODWORTH,
March 24—4too 118 Nassau st., New York.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST.

A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER, published weekly, at Utica, New York, is the organ of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and the only Baptist newspaper in the United States advocating the principle of non-fellowship with slaveholders, either in ecclesiastical or in voluntary missionary organizations. Terms — $1.50 per annum, in advance; or, if payment be delayed three months, $2 per annum.
Address WAREHAM WALKER,
April 28—8t Editor and Publishing Agent.

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April 28—6t Tuscarawas, Ohio.

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2. The Steward's Bravery.
3. The Second Storm.
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30. The Scene of Anguish.
Conclusion.

Appendix.—Extracts from the Message of Governor Means to the Legislature of South Carolina, on the imprisonment of colored seamen, &c., with comments by the author.

The price of the above work, in paper covers, is 50 cents; in muslin, 75 cents. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, in paper covers for 59 cents, in muslin for 88 cents. Address
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Address E. BOWMAN, Boston, Mass., enclosing one dollar, and the Receipt will be returned by mail. No letter taken from the office unless prepaid.
April 14—3t E. BOWMAN.

NEW CARRIAGES AT AUCTION.

THE subscriber, wishing to establish a Repository at some central point at the West, for the sale of Eastern-built Carriages and Wagons, will sell at public auction, on Tuesday, May 10, 1853, at 9 o'clock A. M., his Carriage and Blacksmith Shops, with all the tools, fixtures, stock, &c., used in the manufacture of carriages, together with twenty new Carriages, Concord Wagons, and two-seated Buggies, all of the first quality.

He would also solicit communications from any gentlemen in the States of Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, in regard to the advantages of any particular location for the sale of Eastern carriage work.
JAMES F. BRADLEY, Hubbardston,
April 14. Worcester County, Mass.

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BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will alleviate any irritation of the bronchial tubes, hoarseness, or other impediments of the voice, whether produced by cold, influenza, or any unusual exertion of the vocal organs in public speaking or singing. Public speakers and vocalists will find these Lozenges serviceable for clearing the voice.

Put up by JOHN J. BROWN & SON, Boston; and for sale in New York by JOHN MEAKIM; Philadelphia, FREDERICK BROWN; Washington, ESPEY & MORRISON, Agents for the District of Columbia, Corner of E and Seventh streets. April 14.

CHOCOLATE, COCOA, AND BROMA.

W. BAKER & CO.'S American and Vanilla Premium Chocolates, Cocoa, and Broma, to which first premiums have been awarded by the chief Institutes and Fairs of the Union, are for sale by all the principal grocers in the United States, and by their agents—

Hussey & Murray, New York; Grant & Twells, Philadelphia; Thomas V. Brundige, Baltimore; Kennet & Dudley, Cincinnati, Ohio.
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LARD OIL of the finest quality, in good shipping order. Star and Adamantine Candles, full weight, 16 ounces to the pound. These candles are excellent for all climates, especially California, Brazil, the East and West Indies, and Africa. Orders for any quantity executed promptly.
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

NULLIFICATION IN MISSOURI.—F. P. BLAIR, JR.

During the Wilmot-Proviso agitation, F. P. Blair, Jr., a son of the distinguished ex-editor of that name, signalized himself by his able and courageous opposition to the extension of Slavery, fully sustaining Mr. Benton in his warfare upon the Nullifiers. The same position he has maintained ever since, disdaining concealment, and boldly avowing Free Soil doctrines. In the canvass, last summer, in St. Louis, for a seat in the Legislature, his opponent sought to overwhelm him with odium, by reading from an Anti-Slavery speech of his, delivered in 1848; but Blair effectually baffled him, by reiterating and defending, without stint or qualification, every doctrine of that speech. The epithets "Free-Soiler" and "Abolitionist" had no terrors for him; he boldly confronted his enemies, and, with his known views respecting Slavery, he was triumphantly elected.

One of his first movements on taking his seat was, to introduce a resolution to repeal the Jackson resolutions of 1849, which had committed the State to the doctrines of Slavery Extension and Nullification; and on the 1st of February he addressed the House of Representatives in support of his resolution. Our readers will be pleased to see a few extracts from this speech.

He first established the constitutionality of the Wilmot Proviso.

IN HOUSE, FEBRUARY 1, 1853.

The question being on the motion to reject the resolutions offered by Mr. Blair, to repeal the "Jackson resolutions" of 1849—

Mr. Blair said it was proper that he should reply to the remarks of the gentleman from Howard, on the subject of his (Mr. Blair's) position. It was not a pleasant matter to be compelled to speak of himself, and he should therefore dismiss that part of the subject in as few words as possible. The gentleman has read from a speech delivered by me in St. Louis in 1848, in which I advocated the constitutionality and propriety of applying the Ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery, to the new territories acquired from Mexico. I made that speech, and will not take back one word of it. This is not the first time that speech has been quoted against me. It was read against me by my opponent in St. Louis county, in the canvass for a seat in this body. I avowed the speech then, and defended its doctrines. The result was, that my Whig nullifying opponent was defeated by one thousand votes. That gentleman happens to be here in this city, at this time, and having no further use for my speech, which he used to so little advantage, I presume he has handed it over to the gentleman from Howard, who will make no more out of it than my opponent did. Since the gentleman has alluded to my advocacy of the doctrine of the power of Congress to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the Territories, and its expediency, and since that doctrine was made the pretext upon which he and his confederates advocated the Nullification resolutions of 1849, (which I now propose to repeal,) I will give the history of the origin of the Ordinance of 1787—the ordinance by which slavery was first prohibited in the Territories of the United States, and which is precisely the same as the "Wilmot Proviso."

The Ordinance of 1787 was written by Mr. Jefferson, and is still to be seen in his handwriting in the State Department at Washington city. It was adopted by the Congress of the Confederation, with one dissenting voice—that of Mr. Yates, of New York. By it, slavery was prohibited in the Northwest Territory, comprising the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The Ordinance was re-enacted by the first Congress which sat under our present Constitution—a Congress composed of many of the men who framed the Constitution, and who understood the work of their own hands quite as well as the small-beer politicians of the present day, who have lately endangered the very existence of the Union of the States, by their clamors against that which was sanctioned by the men who achieved the independence of our country and framed the Government under which we live. This act was passed the 17th of August, 1789. A majority of the members of the Senate were members of the Convention which framed the Constitution, and the act was approved by Gen. Washington, then President of the United States, who was President of the Convention. The act of the 7th of May, 1800, to establish the Territorial Government of Indiana, reaffirmed the Ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery, which act was approved by Mr. Adams. The act to establish the Territorial Government of Michigan, approved January 11th, 1805, and the act establishing the Territorial Government of Illinois, passed February 3d, 1809, reaffirmed the Ordinance of 1787, and were approved by Mr. Jefferson, the President of the United States. Acts with the same provision prohibiting slavery were approved by Presidents Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, and Polk, the last of whom signed and approved the act establishing a Territorial Government in Oregon, approved August 14th, 1848, and establishing a Territorial Government in Minnesota, approved March 3d, 1849. Both of these acts prohibit slavery, and the last was approved only a few days before the Jackson resolutions passed the Missouri Legislature, proclaiming that the passage of any such act by Congress would be resisted by this State, and that it was a good cause for dissolving the Union. This, then, was the pretext for nullification and civil war—the passage of an act approved by every man who has shed lustre upon our nation, and which there is no man of any name or reputation in the country, who has not acknowledged, in the most solemn form, to be constitutional.

This doctrine, sanctioned as it has been by the practice of the Government for sixty years, and not until lately disputed, has also been sanctioned by the Supreme Court of the United States and the Supreme Court of this State. Our Supreme Court, in the case of Wrinny *vs.* Whitesides, (1 Mo. R., 474.) The Supreme Court of the United States say, (1 Peters, 542,) that "in legislating for Territories, Congress exercises the combined power of the General Government and a State Government;" a State has full power to legislate upon the subject of slavery within its limits, and the General Government, with still more ample powers, can do the same within the Territories.

It is claimed that there is no direct grant of power in the Constitution of the United States, under which Congress can legislate for the Territories on this subject. In this the gentleman differs from the Supreme Court of the U. States. The power is granted (says the Supreme Court) in the clause which empowers Congress to make "all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States."—(2d clause of the 2d section of Art. IV of the Constitution.)

The sovereignty of the General Government necessarily includes this power. It would be singular, indeed, if the Government could purchase, conquer, or in any way acquire, territory which it had no power to govern, and which must be left without government until erected into a State. Mr. Calhoun at one time had far different views on this subject; for it is well known that he assented to the cession of Texas (which was part of Louisiana, and as such acquired from the French in 1803) to the Government of Spain, in 1819.

To break the force of these arguments, to evade the direct grant of power, its recognition by the highest judicial authority in the country, and the invariable practice of the Government for more than sixty years, the gentleman resorts to a singular expedient. He begins by saying that the Ordinance of 1787 was passed before the formation of the present Constitution of the United States, and that the Constitution, as adopted, contained a clause making it obligatory upon Congress to maintain the Ordinance of 1787 in its application to the Northwest Territory.

Here is the clause upon which the gentleman relies to sustain this position:

"ART. IV, SEC. 1. All debts contracted and engagements entered into, before the adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution as under the Confederation."

The Government is bound by this clause to pay the debts and perform the engagements entered into by the old Confederation. I regard this clause as applying simply and exclusively to the pecuniary obligations of the Confederation, and that the Ordinance of 1787 was not an "engagement" to which this clause applies—the word "engagement" might possibly be construed to mean an alliance or agreement, but it cannot be tortured into meaning an ordinance. An ordinance is a law—an engagement is when one is bound to do some act for another. The construction contended for by the gentleman would include all the ordinances of the old Confederation, and make them binding upon the present Government, although they might be in direct conflict with our Constitution; it would include the old Articles of Confederation, and this I think sufficiently demonstrates that the argument is absurd.

I advise the gentleman from Howard to be a little careful how he uses the epithet of "Free-Soiler," like the Athenian bastard, throwing stones in the street, who was advised by the philosopher to beware, lest he should strike his own father. I now tell the gentleman to beware, lest he strike his political father—Mr. Calhoun. It is matter of history, that Mr. Calhoun, whilst a member of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, in common with every member of that Cabinet, advised the President to sanction the Missouri Compromise act, by which act Missouri was admitted as a State into the Union, and slavery was prohibited in all the territory north of 36 deg. 30 min., and not included in the limits of Missouri. The gentleman does not deny that Mr. Calhoun advised Mr. Monroe to sanction the Missouri Compromise act, prohibiting slavery in territory south of 36 deg. 30 min., (the fact is attested by President Monroe and J. Q. Adams;) but he contends that Mr. Calhoun simply assented to it, and that he believes the provision prohibiting slavery to be unconstitutional. This is a grave accusation against Mr. Calhoun, from which I shall exonerate him. Mr. Calhoun never would have advised President Monroe to sanction an act that he conceived to be unconstitutional; that would be to advise the President to violate the Constitution, which both he and the President had sworn to maintain. Mr. Calhoun must have thought the act constitutional, or he would not have assented to it. There are persons from whose acts no such inference could be drawn—persons who suppose that a "compromise" authorizes a violation of the Constitution—but among people of a common understanding it is well established that the Constitution cannot be compromised away, and all such persons know that the Missouri Compromise was a division of territory, and not a compromise of principles.

Mr. Blair then proceeded to examine the Jackson resolutions, to expose their repugnance to the resolutions of the National Democracy, their disunionism, &c., after which he commented as follows upon the reasons alleged by the nullifiers for resisting to the extreme the legislation of Congress against Slavery-extension.

I will now notice the remarks made by the gentleman, when appealing to the people of Missouri, to resist the exercise of the power by Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories. He stated that the effect would be to prohibit the people of Missouri from going to the newly acquired territories. It is the argument of a demagogue. It is found in Mr. Calhoun's resolutions of 1847, and has been repeated by every nullifier in the country. It is untrue in point of fact. There are more Missourians in California, where slavery never existed, than there are people from any other State in the Union, in proportion to population. This is the fact, and the reason of it is, because slavery is excluded. Do you suppose there would be now two hundred thousand laboring white men in California, if the South had poured two hundred thousand slaves into that country, to compete with their labor? The labor of a slave in California, for one year, is computed to be worth the entire value of the slave here. If slavery had been permitted in that country, the enormous temptation of making one thousand dollars, by the labor of a single slave in one year, would have had the effect of carrying hundreds of thousands of them there, and this would have had the effect of excluding white laborers. The brawny Missourian would have been excluded, the laboring white man of the Northern, Southern, and Western States would have been excluded, and the harvest of gold would have been monopolized by a few wealthy slave-owners; whilst under the present law no one is prohibited from going there and living there. Excluding slavery from Territories is called discriminating against the institutions of the South, and the complaint is made that the countries acquired by the "common blood and treasure" of the nation, are closed against the people of one portion of it. This I have shown is not true; and if it was, the answer to it is simple and conclusive. Congress, in exercising the power of legislating for Territories, is bound, by every obligation of justice and right, to legislate for the best interest of those Territories, and not for the interest of any other State or community. Thus, in legislating for New Mexico, the interest of that Territory should be consulted, and not the interest of South Carolina or Massachusetts. The feelings of the people in New Mexico are known to be repugnant to slavery. Shall North Carolina be permitted to carry slaves there, in disregard of the feelings of that people? Shall Indian traders be allowed to carry whiskey to the Indian country, and destroy the remnant of that fallen race? It is not contended that the Government does wrong in exercising the right to exclude liquor from the Indian territories, and yet the distillers and vendors of liquor might just as well raise a rebellion against the Government, for excluding their property from Indian territory. The very reverse of the proposition contended for by the nullifiers, is true. If slavery were permitted in California, white laborers would be excluded by the competition of slaves—and as the laboring white men in the slave States exceed in number the slave-owners, by about five to one, it is right that the interests of this vast majority of white laborers in the slave States should be attended to before the interests of the few slave-owners. There are, for instance, in Missouri, about seven hundred thousand inhabitants, and seventy thousand slaves. If each of these slaves had a different master, there would be seven non-slave-owners in the State, to every slave-owner. This we know is not the case. There are some persons who own five hundred slaves each, others one hundred, others fifty, and most of those who are slave-owners have one or two families of slaves, or from three to six slaves. It is therefore fair to infer, that there are not more than twenty thousand owners of slaves in this State, in a population of seven hundred thousand? Now, sir, it has occurred to me, that we should not allow one interest to swallow up every other, and that the non-slaveholders in these Southern States are fairly entitled to some consideration. If I should favor any discriminating legislation, it would be that which would foster the interests of the laborer. It is a well-established fact, that labor is the only creator of wealth, but it is seldom or never that the laborer enjoys that which he alone creates. Capital, like a great magnet, draws to itself the wealth which toil has created. I will never be a party to any legislation, by which capital or property is preferred to the interest of the laborer.

I shall now consider the "blood and treasure" argument. I will venture to say that of the rank and file, the common soldiers of our armies, which invaded Mexico, ninety-nine out of every hundred were men who earned their bread by their own labor, and were not owners of slaves. This is as true of soldiers of the Southern regiments as it is of the Northern. To whom are the thanks of this nation first due for the victories achieved by our arms in Mexico? To the men or to the officers? Mr. Speaker, I should be the last to tear the laurels from the brows of our heroic officers, but allow me to say that in all campaigns the officer has the largest share of comfort and of the glories of victory; but the soldier has the largest share of hardship and suffering; and therefore, in my opinion, there is more patriotism in the man who carries the musket, than in him who wears the plumed hat and flashing sabre. I repeat that the soldiers of Mexico from the slave States were not slave-owners; on the contrary, they were poor men, and in a vast majority of instances owned no slaves. Myriads of these men have since the war found their way to California and the new Territories, and enriched themselves with the golden ingots, washed from the sands of these countries. If slavery had been permitted there, the diggings would have swarmed with slaves. The Missouri volunteer would have scorned to work side by side with the negro. It would have been a practical exclusion of the laboring men of our State from these countries. It is for this reason that I deemed it expedient to exclude slavery from these Territories by law of Congress.

Mr. Blair closes his speech in favor of repealing the Jackson resolutions, with an appeal to the interests of the People of the State.

These resolutions ought to be repealed, because they contain falsehoods against our sister States. Falsehood in an individual is contemptible, it is an evidence of weakness, and will not be resorted to even by a mean man if he has an honest cause. Those who have placed a falsehood on our legislative records are guilty of a crime against this State and against our sister States. It has been said by Col. Benton, that we may have occasion for the good offices of these States, and that it would be unbecoming a proud people to receive such favors from them, so long as this false accusation remains unrepealed.

The time has arrived when we desire the aid of the Northern States. The Pacific railroad is now before Congress—a measure of more value to Missouri than all the slaves in her limits. The Southern States are co-operating against the "Central National" Missouri route, and in favor of the sectional, Southern, slavery route, to Memphis, Tennessee. No Southern man in Congress advocates the Missouri route; one of our Senators is silent, the other has spoken against the Missouri route, (Mr. Geyer.) Col. Benton has been sold out of the Senate by the nullifiers, and the only man who has raised his voice for terminating the road in Missouri is Mr. Chase, of Ohio, a Free-Soiler! Our Southern friends claim that the road which leads from Kansas, and over which thirty thousand people pass with ox-teams every year to the Pacific, is impassable; and that the route should go through Walker's Pass, where, it is said, there is a tradition that Walker has once passed, and that he has said that others can pass there also. If the State of Missouri had anybody in the Senate, it is surmised that the great fact that thirty thousand people pass annually with ox-teams, without using a spade or pick-axe, from Kansas to the Pacific, could be made known; and the other fact that no human being has ever been known to pass direct from Memphis, through Walker's traditional pass, to the Pacific.

LECTURE UPON THE SUBJECT OF MIGRATION.

DELIVERED BY CHR. RUMELIN, BEFORE THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, CHEVIOT, OHIO.

Corrected for the National Era.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In addressing you, this evening, upon the subject of migration, I do not intend to expatiate upon the great names of a Moses, a Columbus, a Penn, or any other celebrated heroes or leaders of extensive migration expeditions; history has done ample justice to their honored names; nor do I mean to draw your attention to any particular period in history—such as the migration of the Israelites—the great emigration in the middle ages—or such as the Spanish and Portuguese or English emigrating expeditions, of later years. I have set myself an humbler task; I wish to speak about, and for, those migrating millions whose names are written upon the sands of time, whose deeds and arts are not treasured up by history, and whose toils, whose dangers, and whose labors, are never sung by poets. I wish to submit to your calm and quiet consideration a few suggestions about those people, whose starting places antiquaries conjecture about; who emigrate without plan; who travel without pleasure; and whom no geographies guide to the country of their adoption. I wish to speak of men, women, and children, to whom their native countries bid farewell without regret, and whom their adopted countries meet with a frown, because they bring with them no money—nothing but hearts to feel, heads to think, and bodies to labor.

History reports to us, along with some fabulous details, about one of the earliest migrating expeditions, that it arose in consequence of a prophecy made to a certain king, "that some *shoeless* wanderer would arrive, and take from him his kingdom." The prophecy became true then, and it has been a truism to this hour. The shoeless wanderers have erected splendid empires; they have created wealth; they give power; and in their path has followed national greatness, while the colonies of princes and of kings live out a sickly existence. The shoeless are still wandering amidst jeers and gibes, and insults of all kinds, from the Rhine to the Mississippi, the Danube to the Ohio, from the Shannon, the Seine, and the Thames, to the Schuylkill and the Hudson. No governments protect them; no legislatures take care of them; science has for them no longitude and no latitude; the star of liberty is to them the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night; they follow no leaders; they have no heroes; they arrive in rags, and they find nothing here but a life of toil. Still their hives grow and prosper, while the provinces planted by kings, aided, as they may be, by science, wealth, and power, can hardly be called permanent, at the Cape of Good Hope, in South America, in Africa, on the Ganges, or in East or West India. It is not blasphemy to say, that the first God directs; the latter, man.

Whether it be true that all mankind have sprung from one pair, or whether there are several distinct races, and each with a different origin, still, all will admit that, without migration, much of the earth would have been a solitude; and that, without it, the lakes and seas would have remained a "desert waste of waters."

We are told that "God blessed man, and bid him to multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." To follow this commandment, man must migrate; and hence we find, in almost every human heart, that desire. Why else are journeys so fascinating to us all? Why else leaps within us responsive imagination, as a helpmate to colder calculations? Why does

"Imagination ply its dangerous arts,"

in aid direct

"to Reason's soberer promptings?"

The California fever in our land, and the American fever in Europe—what is it, but that general fever which has clung to man ever since he was driven from Paradise? He carries it with him from the furthest east to the furthest west, and it makes him wander all over the earth, to refind that fairy land called Paradise.

No emigrant is entirely happy. Toil, insecurity, hard labor, and obloquy, are the accompaniments of an emigrant's life. His memory is ever returning to the scenes of his childhood. However beautiful the new country to which he emigrates, he will always have a divided heart between the land of his birth and the land of his adoption. But the wandering spirit prevails over all this. It has peopled Asia, Africa, and Europe, and it is now peopling America, from the Delaware to the Columbia river, from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn. Where is there a green spot on earth, or an unfrozen sea, that is safe from man's wandering footsteps? The desire to roam is the master-passion with the nomadic Indian; his home is simple; he finds his pleasures almost everywhere; his god is a spirit, whose voice he hears in every tempest, and whom he finds in every lineament of nature's face; his religion builds no temples, and he has no history; the only things he regrets to leave are the graves of his fathers. Civilized man is more settled in his habits; but still, even with him it needs but an incident to rekindle the old migratory feeling, and to render it an epidemic.

All over the face of the earth are strewn the wrecks of the grand conception of man, when he seemed to say to himself—

"Here let us stay."

The ruins of Nineveh and the pyramids of Egypt—tale-bearers as they may be of a former great people, eloquent as they may be in their silent grandeur—still failed to stay and fix the people amidst whom they were built; neither could the Tower of Babel, nor Solomon's Temple, nor Mahomet's Mecca, nor that proudest and grandest of all temples, the Church of St. Peter, fix permanently the human family. Even Napoleon's gigantic genius failed to make Paris long the centre of civilization, science, and enjoyment. The precept, "Go ye into all the world," still finds followers, and to the high and the low there is, even in our day, as in the days of Abraham, a voice, saying, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land I will show thee."

Despotism has tried, by vain enactments, to encircle man, and to fix frontiers for him, beyond which he should not go. Religion has built its splendid temples, and therein it teaches man to quit his journeying propensity on earth, and to prepare for the great journey—

"whence no traveller returns."

Agriculture, with its home pleasures, ever invites man to be settled, and to stick to his habitation and that of his fathers. Financial schemers, too, have laid their plots to circumscribe and lay in chains man's industry, by bidding him to have home markets only; but all in vain. Man's roaming spirit bursts all these chains, and he claims all of God's fair earth for his inheritance, all men as his brethren, all nature as the field of his genius, and all the world as the market of his industry; and at no time in history has this tendency to roam and wander developed itself clearer than now. Steam has added wings to it, and inventive genius is still at work to render motive powers still cheaper, and still more accessible to all.

Three hundred thousand human souls arrive annually in the United States. Eight millions of people were last year carried upon railroads in the United States. Three hundred and forty-three millions of miles were traversed by them; and ten millions of dollars per annum are already paid for these migratory vehicles alone.

I have not been able to lay my hands on any statistics about passengers in steamboats, on canals, and on turnpikes, and still less about that humblest, but cheapest and most useful mode of conveyance, whose inmates travel with their own teams, who camp by the roadside, who carry with them their Bible, who pray to God in the morning and the evening with their faces westward, with whom migrate their domestic animals—their horses and their cows—and whom "their faithful dog bears company." But not only America is being turned into a great travelling caravan. Look over the world; grasp it at a glance. Is there not a great unsettling of habitations?

Our country is now the Promised Land for all whom "Pharaohs" oppress, and both its Atlantic and its Pacific face seems to smile a welcome to all the wandering children of man.

The rulers of Europe and Asia have latterly changed their policy. They used to discourage emigration; now they encourage it. They bid a cheerful adieu to the tone of human bone and muscle that annually leave their shores; of all their exports, they prize least their human flesh.

European Kings are now following in the wake of Numidian princes. It is true they have quit selling their subjects for so much gold; but do they not, in refusing to do justice to their subjects, drive them forth to other lands as heartlessly as any negro king? England mocks the departing Irishman, France founds colonies at Cayenne, and in the very place whence, centuries ago, some of its forefathers came from. Germany forms emigrating societies, with its princes as presidents, to accelerate, to guide, nay, to misguide, emigration.

Blind idiots that they are! With these human bodies and these human souls, wanders away from Europe the life-blood of its strength, its wealth, and power. The hale and the hearty, the sprightly and the intelligent, the children of restless genius and of plotting intellect, are driven from Europe, to people America. And, as a result, America rises in production, while fertile Europe's laborers cry for bread! America is accumulating producers, Europe accumulates consumers! And such is the very state of things which the so-called statesmen of Europe wish to bring about.

Well, it is all of a piece with their whole financial schools and their entire political economy. They call it "protecting industry," when they pamper to all-absorbing capital; they call it "fostering commerce," when they annoy it with custom-houses; they call it "securing men's rights," when they turn loose upon society a herd of soldiers and officials, with authority to perpetrate most aggravating wrongs. Why should they not call it "political sagacity and sound political economy," to turn heartlessly adrift and to drive to America the producers of its wealth?

Blind infatuation! Does not every page of history teach the lesson, that to lose population is to lose all? Need I do more than assert the truth, which historic geography demonstrates beyond dispute, that with man, wealth, power, comfort, and empire, has travelled. Is not every day adding proof to proof, that emigration is weakening Europe, and immigration is strengthening America? Is there a man so blind as not to see, that that North America which three hundred years ago was unknown to Europe and Asia, and whose inhabitants were then sparsely distributed, will, if immigration continues, soon be the master of earth's commerce—the great Power, and the great centre, in trade, science, wealth, and comfort?

Europe's statesmen used to try to chain up their populations—now they go to the other extreme. Their old policy was futile, because there are materials in all populations for whom their native countries are too small, and who will and should emigrate, in despite of all police regulations. Their new policy is worse, however, than the former—it is madness. European cabinet ministers would smile to hear me say so. They would tell you "that they know better;" "that as their people emigrate, they find relief." I answer, their relief is but a momentary dream; the ultimate and not very distant result is, a stiff, torpid, and lethargic reality. War has cost Europe much human blood, and it has retarded its progress; but not half so much as emigration!

China is said to butcher, from time to time, without mercy, as a matter of state policy, defenceless children, and thousands of her people. If this be true, it is at least a worldly-wise policy, compared to that of England. England sends abroad her Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welchmen, and she thinks she is founding colonies. With every such colony she is raising for herself a rival. "Dead men tell no tales," is the robber's policy. What hinders European statesmen, to whom over-population is such a bugbear, to act upon the Chinese doctrine, which says that dead men carry away no property, they take no science with them, and they therefore never become rivals.

But this country, too, has men in it who fear over-population. It is the same shallow prejudice, only in another form. Europe's kings are glad to part with population; our nativists are afraid to receive it. With the latter, freedom dwells only in forests. They think that liberty is confined to an accidental race. The Anglo-Saxons are with them, *politically*, what the Israelites have claimed to be *religiously*. *Anglo-Saxonism!* the humbug of *our* day, as "la grand nation" was that of '92 in France, and of the days of the Empire! How small is the basis out of which greatness is manufactured, and with which men's ears are tickled to make them shed blood!

Anglo-Saxonism! a mixture of two small tribes of European aborigines. *It* is to solve the riddle of English and American greatness.

Let us briefly recapitulate the history of this vaunted Anglo-Saxon blood. The Angles and the Saxons amalgamated. The two, with the Britons, amalgamated. The Romans have also had a foothold in England, and they have, to some extent, amalgamated. The four were beat by the Scandinavians, and they again amalgamated. The five were beat by the Normans, and they again amalgamated. Nor will any proud Anglo-Saxon deny that there is considerable Celtic, Scotch, and Pictish admixture with it; and this mixture of Anglish, Welch, British, Saxon, Roman, Danish, Norman, and Celtic blood, is to be the simon-pure Anglo-Saxonism. Has it never occurred to those men who believe in all the virtues of Anglo-Saxon blood, that its great virtue is, that the original blood has been considerably mixed, and that every mixture has improved its quality? I rather guess that it will not hurt it if it is still further mixed!

The nativists say otherwise. They think the country is full enough, and the Anglo-Saxon blood mixed enough already. The sight of an immigrant is to them the sight of an intruder. Descendants of immigrants themselves, in fact, most of them emigrants from other States—migratory yet in their habits—they would close up this broad land of ours for themselves alone, build a Chinese wall around it, abolish steam navigation, except to make an occasional trip to Europe; they would doom to the narrow use of a few millions a land that God, the original proprietor, intended for hundreds of millions!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FREE DEMOCRACY.

The regular meeting of the Free Democracy of Monroe county, Indiana, was held at the court-house, in Bloomington, on the 2d inst.

A committee consisting of Samuel Patten, Jonn Campbell, Robert Gourlay, and Wm. M. Connelly, was appointed to draft resolutions for the meeting. They retired, and shortly afterwards reported. The following are some of the resolutions:

Resolved, That there are only two parties now—the one for Liberty, and the other for Slavery. The old parties have been subsidized and bought up by King Slavery.

Resolved, That the 13th article of the Constitution of the State of Indiana gives the lie to the Bill of Rights in that document, which says that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, That we view with alarm further violations of the Compromise measures of 1850, by the act of the Legislature of the State of California, appropriating $10,000 to support a Convention to divide the State, and introduce Slavery into the southern half of it.

A committee was appointed to prepare a statement of principles, and another to receive voluntary contributions for the purchase of documents for gratuitous distribution; after which, the League adjourned.

WM. FEE, SR., *President*.
WM. H. CURRY, *Secretary*.

WINCHESTER, *March* 18, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I have been comparing the fifth resolution of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore and the Inaugural Address of President Pierce.

The resolution is—"That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the Slavery Question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made."

This was supposed to be a finality of the Slavery Question, at least among all the old *Democrats*. Their lips were to be sealed, in Congress and out of Congress.

Now, why is President Pierce allowed to open his lips on the subject? Is he neither in Congress nor out of it, and therefore he may speak? Or perhaps his remarks have neither *shape* nor *color*, and therefore no violation of this resolution? It may be said that we (the People) had a right to know his opinion. For what purpose, I ask? Does his opinion constitute the law by which we are to be governed? If not, it is worth no more than any other great man's opinion. And opening his lips on this forbidden subject, has he not violated the resolution to which he gave his pledge, when he consented to be the candidate of the Democratic party?

Perhaps he may be like the good man of old, who said—"Once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further." For he says, "I fervently hope that the question is at rest."

This is a finality upon a finality; and doubtless there will be many other such finalities before slavery is finally disposed of.

WILTON, N. H., *April* 13, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:

What are the present indications? Unsatisfactory from one point of view, surely; but knowing the spirit that is working among the people in the country, and yielding to the *power of truth* an entire faith, who can be disheartened? Let our measures be dictated by no narrow, self-seeking, or short-sighted policy, but by that happy wisdom which seizes upon the *right* and *true only*, and supported by the old Saxon irresistible power of will, with patience to "labor and wait," and success will as surely result as the harvest follows the seed time. If every *man* and *woman* of us faithfully and bravely will do their duty, this giant evil of slavery must *soon* manifest its weakness, yield but with terrible writhings and struggles to its certain destiny; and the end—the great and glorious end—will be accomplished. So I read the "signs of the times." I believe *many* are now ready to use the necessary means to work—to agitate both privately and publicly. *This* is emphatically the golden time for sowing the seed. Truly yours,

J. H. ABBOT.

RICHMOND, INDIANA, *Dec.* 30, 1852.

To the Editor of the National Era:

I labor under discouragements, the causes of which should not exist in the nineteenth century. I have relied much on the power of the Christian religion, and in this I have been disappointed. Modern Christianity and the world, like Pilate and Herod, have made friends, and cannot be relied on in this our day of need. Though disappointed, I do not look to any other than Christian agency to give liberty to the slave. Slavery will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ. Christianity is the true remedy for slavery, not Christianity in name, not such Christianity as we see, not such as has grown up among us, either in church or state, not such as characterizes any Christian sect at the present day, but Christianity as it lived in the soul and came forth in the life of its founder; a religion that regards man as the object of God's infinite love, and which commends him to the unbounded love of his brethren; a religion, the essence of which is self-denial, self-sacrifice in the cause of human nature; a religion which proscribes, as among the worst sins, the passion of man for rule and dominion over his fellow-creatures; which knows nothing of rich or poor, high or low, bond or free, and casts down all the walls of partition which sever men from one another's sympathy and respect.

Let the soul continue unchanged, and should slavery cease, the inward plague would still find its way to the surface. The infernal fire at the centre of our being, though it should not break forth in the wasting of human rights, would not slumber, but by other means more insensible, yet not less deadly, would lay waste human happiness. I do not believe, however, that any remedy but the Christian spirit can avail against the curse of slavery. The wild beast that has gorged on millions of victims is not to be tamed by a polished or selfish civilization. The nation that has been rocked in the cradle of luxury and ease will be slow to enter on a life of toil and care; and while the watchmen on the walls of Zion are sending forth a hearty response, that all is well, the evil will be protracted until the Christian religion undergoes a modification—until the law of Jesus Christ shall be observed and practiced.

H. HOOVER.

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME, OR CHEMICAL MANURE.

THE fertilizing effect of this manure has obtained for it a reputation unprecedented in the history of manures, and was patented to its first introducer, by the British Government, about ten years ago. The demand has regularly increased, and now thousands of tons are annually sold to the English and Scotch farmers. This manure is admirably adapted to the crops of the Southern States, being equally potent with Peruvian guano as a fertilizer, not so volatile, and decidedly more permanently beneficial, and costing less.

In manufacturing this Super-Phosphate, the best European and American recipes, as well as eminent chemists, have been consulted for improvement. By means of guano, &c., a large quantity of ammonia is added to the Super-Phosphate.

Agents.—Haskoll, Merrick, & Bull, Drug Merchants, No. 10 Gold street, New York. The character of this house over the Union will be an ample guarantee that they believe this article pure and genuine. Robert Buist, Nurseryman and Florist, No. 97 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

It is put up in bags of 50, 100, and 150 lbs. each, branded "No. 1 Super-Phosphate of Lime, manufactured and sold by William Paterson, Division st. Wharf, Newark, N. J.," to whom, or agents, orders sent with cash or satisfactory references here, at N. York, or Philadelphia, will be promptly executed.

April 7—4t WILLIAM PATERSON.

Directions for use.—To fertilize and recruit exhausted soil, 300 or 500 pounds to the acre, and ploughed in, is ample. It may be mixed with sawdust or pulverized charcoal or plaster, along with seeds—three ounces to each hill of plants. Avoid its coming in contact with lime or wood ashes.

THE PAVILION FAMILY SCHOOL,
Hartford, Conn.,

REV. I. BIRD and J. BIRD, A. B., Principals, will close its present session March 30th, and reopen on the 5th of May. In this school are taught all the common branches of education, including Music, Drawing, and the ancient and modern Languages. The location of the school is particularly eligible, it being retired from neighbors and from the public street, and yet sufficiently near the city to enjoy its privileges. The residence is tastefully built, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, and by many acres of land belonging to it, and commanding an extensive view of the Connecticut, and the distant landscape beyond it. Special attention is paid to the health and manners of the pupils, and to the cultivation of their moral and religious principles. Boys between the ages of 8 and 14 are preferred. Circulars may be had by directing a line to either of the Principals, or at the office of Rev. W. A. Hallock, Sec. Am. Tract Soc., New York.

References.—Rev. Dr. Hawes, Hon. T. S. Williams, George Beach, Esq., Hartford; Rev. Dr. Fitch, Prof. B. Silliman, New Haven; Rev. W. A. Hallock, M. O. Roberts, Esq., R. Bigelow, Esq., New York; Rev. Dr. Cox, F. Howe, Esq., Brooklyn; Rev. R. R. Gurley, Washington, D. C. April 7—2t

"BE DAYS OF DRINKING WINE FORGOT."

WILLSON'S *Temperance House and Botanic Medicine Store.* By Dr. J. T. WILLSON. Commodious stabling and tame hay. East end of Main street, Jackson, Michigan, fifty rods east of the Railroad Depot. Dec. 9

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Fourth Annual Session.

THE next session of this institution will commence on September 1st, 1853, and close on the 31st of January, 1854.

The session has been lengthened from four and a half to five months. This has been done in consequence of a determination, on the part of the Faculty, to render the course of instruction given by them as thorough and complete as that given in any Medical College in the country.

Persons wishing copies of the Announcement, or desirous of further information, will please apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty,
DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
March 17—tf 229 Arch st., Philadelphia.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SPIRITUAL BEACON.

THE number of earnest and intelligent minds at present deeply interested in the wonderful Spiritual Manifestations of the times, demands the publication of a central journal, for these purposes:

1st. To promote the free interchange, between Spiritualists, of individual ideas and personal experiences.

2d. To promote harmony of faith and unity of action in the great work to which they are called.

3d. For their defence against the calumnies and denunciations of skepticism and ignorance.

4th. For the dissemination of the evidences and the truths of the new revelation.

With these great objects in view, we will commence, on the *first Thursday of March*, 1853, the publication of a weekly newspaper, to be called

The Spiritual Beacon.

It will be edited on the broad platform of toleration and free inquiry, by a committee of gentlemen and ladies well qualified for the task. The reader will be kept well posted in all the spiritual developments of the day, occurring in this or other quarters of the world. Each number of the *Beacon* will contain a large amount of entertaining and instructive miscellany, not found in any other periodical. The size of the paper will be "double medium," much larger than any Spiritual paper now published.

Terms.—The *Beacon* will be furnished to single subscribers, at $2 per annum, or $1 for *six* months—invariably in advance. Twelve copies will be sent to one address for $20 per annum, and twenty copies for $30.

☞Will not the friends of the cause send in their names immediately? Address
CHARLES E. KING, Publisher,
141 Main st., Cincinnati, over Derby's Bookstore.
Feb. 17.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR—VOL. IX.
For Children and Sabbath Schools.
BY UNCLE LUCIUS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY paper, which aims to interest and inform the young mind. Special effort is made to give a proper direction to the minds of children, in these times of strife for the supremacy of slavery. Price—25 cents for single copies, five copies for $1, $12 per hundred. A specimen number, free of charge, will be sent to any person.

LUCIUS C. MATLACK, Editor and Publisher,
Mar. 24—3m 60 South Salina st., Syracuse, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED,

TO obtain subscribers for *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet*, decidedly the most popular magazine for young people in America. Price, only one dollar a year. The work has 48 pages in each number, is liberally illustrated with engravings, and is filled with just the kind of reading which the younger members of the family delight in.

Agents, applying with suitable references as to character, will be liberally dealt with. The business in good hands, taken in connection with the sale of the bound volumes of the work, can be made very profitable. Address by letter or apply in person to the publisher, D. A. WOODWORTH,
March 24—4teo 118 Nassau st., New York.

AUSTRALIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

THE Company's magnificent new steamship GOLDEN AGE, 3,000 tons, will be dispatched for Port Philip, Melbourne, and Sydney, Australia, about the 15th of May. This steamship is of the size and strength, and in every way equal to the Collins line of steamers, being 300 feet in length, 43 feet beam, and 32 feet hold. She is double diagonally braced, with iron bars, and every improvement that experience and science can suggest has been adopted. Her accommodations for first, second, and third class passengers are believed to be superior to any steamer ever built. Her model is unequalled, and it is confidently expected that she will make the trip from New York to Australia within 50 days, stopping only at the Cape of Good Hope to coal. Passengers may rely that every attention will be paid to their wants, and that the ship will be liberally supplied with every comfort. An experienced surgeon will be attached to the ship.

Rates of Fare.—First cabin, ladies saloon, $375; first cabin, upper saloon, $350; second cabin, lower saloon, $275; third class, forward, $200. Children under twelve years of age, half price. Eight cubic feet of baggage allowed each passenger, not exceeding 200 pounds in weight. Books are now open. A remittance of one half the amount will secure a berth; balance to be paid within 30 days before the time of sailing. For freight or passage, apply at the office of the Company, or to J. HOWARD & SON,
March 24—6t Agents, 34 Broadway, N. York.

BUSINESS MEN,

TO reach the eye of the immense travel daily passing through Pittsburg, Pa., should send their advertisements by mail to the *Pittsburg Daily Dispatch*, (established 1846,) the only penny paper in that city. *Rates.*—One square (70 words) two weeks, $3; month, $5; three months, $9; six months, $12; twelve months, $20. Feb. 24—6t

THE BEST INVESTMENT YET!
The largest chance, with a risk equal to no risk!

FULL particulars of a business than can be made to yield, in the hands of any person of common energy, from $3 to $12 per day, will be sent to any address, on the receipt of a prepaid letter, with eight letter postage stamps (24 cents) enclosed. Address J. CLAY PARKER, Hagerstown, Md. Feb. 24—2t

HENRY H. PAXTON,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cadiz, Harrison county, Ohio. Jan. 9.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

TO cure a cold, with headache and soreness of the body, take the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, and wrap up warm, to sweat during the night.

For a cold and cough, take it morning, noon, and evening, according to directions on the bottle, and the difficulty will soon be removed. None will long suffer from this trouble, when they find it can be so readily cured. Persons afflicted with a seated cough, which breaks them of their rest at night, will find, by taking the Cherry Pectoral on going to bed, they may be sure of sound, unbroken sleep, and consequently refreshing rest. Great relief from suffering, and an ultimate cure, is afforded to thousands who are thus afflicted, by this invaluable remedy.

From its agreeable effect in these cases, many find themselves unwilling to forego its use when the necessity for it has ceased.

From two eminent Physicians in Fayetteville, Tenn.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., *April* 16, 1851.

SIR: We have given your Cherry Pectoral an extensive trial in our practice, and find it to surpass every other remedy we have for curing affections of the respiratory organs.
DRS. DIEMER & HAMPTON.

To singers and public speakers this remedy is invaluable, as by its action on the throat and lungs, when taken in small quantities, it removes all hoarseness in a few hours, and wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

Asthma is generally much relieved, and often wholly cured, by Cherry Pectoral. But there are some cases so obstinate as to yield entirely to no medicine. Cherry Pectoral will cure them, if they can be cured.

Bronchitis, or irritation of the throat and upper portion of the lungs, may be cured by taking Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. The uncomfortable oppression is soon relieved.

Rev. Dr. Lansing, of Brooklyn, New York, states:

"I have seen the Cherry Pectoral cure such cases of asthma and bronchitis as leads me to believe it can rarely fail to cure those diseases."

For croup, give an emetic of antimony, to be followed by large and frequent doses of the Cherry Pectoral, until it subdues the disease. If taken in season, it will not fail to cure.

Whooping cough may be broken up and soon cured by the use of Cherry Pectoral.

The influenza is speedily removed by this remedy. Numerous instances have been noticed where whole families were protected from any serious consequences, while their neighbors, without the Cherry Pectoral, were suffering from the disease.

SALEM, OHIO, *June* 11, 1851.

I write to inform you of the truly remarkable effects of your Cherry Pectoral in this place and in my own family. One of my daughters was completely cured in three days of a dreadful whooping cough, by taking it. Dr. Means, one of our very best physicians, freely states that he considers it the best remedy we have for pulmonary diseases, and that he has cured more cases of croup with it than any other medicine he ever administered.

Our clergyman of the Baptist church says that during the run of influenza here this season, he has seen cures from your medicine he could scarcely have believed without seeing. Yours, respectfully,
J. D. SINCLAIR, *Deputy Postmaster*.
Dr. J. C. AYER.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica, Bowdoin College.

BRUNSWICK, ME., *February* 5, 1847.

I have found the Cherry Pectoral, as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.
PARKER CLEVELAND, M. D.

Dr. Valentine Mott the widely celebrated Professor of Surgery in the Medical College, New York city, says:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the throat and lungs."

Cures of severe diseases upon the lungs have been effected by Cherry Pectoral, in such extreme cases as warrant the belief that a remedy has at length been found, that can be depended on to cure the coughs, colds, and consumption, which carry from our midst thousands every year. It is indeed a medicine to which the afflicted can look with confidence for relief, and they should not fail to avail themselves of it.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists and Apothecaries everywhere. Jan. 13

TO THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC,

THE MADISON HOUSE, located on Main street, between Front and Columbia, *CINCINNATI*, has been much enlarged during the past summer, and is now open to entertain its former patrons and a portion of the travelling public.

Merchants, traders, and others visiting the city, will find the Madison House well located, accommodations good, and prices moderate.
J. W. GARRISON & CO.,
Nov. 4—3m Proprietors.

MINING AGENCY,
New York, 62 William street, Room No. 12.

THIS Agency is established for the purchase and sale, on commission, of unimproved mines and mining stocks in companies organized and at work. Also, for furnishing all kinds of machinery and mining tools, as ordered. Also, the chemical analysis of ores and other substances, as forwarded from any part of the country. A printed circular, giving full explanations, will be sent in answer to any post paid letter, enclosing one three cent post office stamp
Dec. 30—1y J. R. BARBOUR & CO.

NEW BOOKS,
OF RARE INTEREST AND VALUE,
JUST PUBLISHED BY
JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY,
BOSTON.

OWING to the unparalleled draft upon our resources, during the past year, on account of the unexampled sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a large number of most valuable manuscripts were obliged to lie untouched in our safe, waiting a favorable moment to appear in print. We have availed ourselves of the earliest moment, and now offer them to the *reader of good books*. Most of them are issued. Those still in press will be published speedily.

THE SILENT LAND;
Or, Leaves of Consolation for the Afflicted.
BY MRS. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

This volume is a compilation from the best prose writers and poets of America and England, of their most beautiful pieces, for the solace of those who mourn the loss of near and dear friends. Price $1.

THE SHADY SIDE;
Or, Life in a Country Parsonage.
BY A PASTOR'S WIFE.

This volume is designed, in a measure, as a contrast to that charming little book, *Sunny Side*, and we doubt not that it will meet with quite as favorable a reception as that work. It is written in an admirable style, and he who commences its perusal will hardly be able to stop until he has gone through. Price 75 cents.

COUNT STRUENZEE THE SKEPTIC, AND THE CHRISTIAN.
Translated from the German, by Mrs. Wilson.

This most interesting work contains the history of the last days of this distinguished man, and the account of his numerous interviews and conversations with his pastor, Muntor, through whose instrumentality he was led to abandon his skepticism, and embrace the religion of Jesus. Price 62½ cents.

THE LAST HOURS OF CHRIST.
By W. G. Schauffler, Missionary at Constantinople.

A portion of this most admirably written volume of Meditations on the last hours of our Saviour upon earth, was published some years since, and met with great favor from the religious public. The work has been re-written, and very much enlarged, and is again offered to the community. We would not say a word in its commendation to those who have read the volume as originally published. To those who love to go with the Redeemer of men, to meditate in the garden of Gethsemane, or upon the mount of Olives, or by the sea of Galilee, this volume will afford a vein of sacred thought. Price $1.

DR. BEECHER'S THIRD VOLUME.

We have just issued the third volume in the series of the writings of this venerable and eloquent man, as has been lately said of him by some one, "*the father of more brains than any other man in the country.*" This volume contains his VIEWS OF THEOLOGY, and his celebrated Trial for Heresy before the Presbytery and Synod of Cincinnati, with a superb steel Portrait by Andrews. Price $1. No clergyman's library is complete without Dr. Beecher's writings.

WHITE SLAVERY IN THE BARBARY STATES.
BY HON. CHARLES SUMNER, U. S. S.
Illustrated with 50 superb designs by Billings, engraved by Baker, Smith, & Andrews. Price 50 cts.

This superb volume in its typography and illustrations, and elegant in its composition, being one of the finest productions of its accomplished author, is offered to the public in this most attractive form, with the hope that thousands may peruse its glowing pages, and from them receive fresh stimulus in their efforts to elevate humanity from degradation and wrong. They will learn from it that in years past, *White Men* as well as Blacks have felt the galling yoke of slavery.

PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS;
Or, the Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man.
BY DR. E. C. ROGERS.

A learned and philosophical exposure of the modern belief in spiritual manifestations, showing, most conclusively, that we need not go to the spirit world to account for those things, but that they can all be explained by human agency, and upon philosophical principles. Let the believers in spiritual rappings read this able and conclusive work. Price $1.

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BY LYSANDER SPOONER.

We need not inform the public that any work from Mr. Spooner's pen would be one of great research and learning—his logical acuteness as a writer is too well known. This, his last, and perhaps his greatest effort, on the Trial by Jury, is destined to create a commotion in the world. Jurymen will learn their rights and duties from it, and also learn to what an alarming extent their rights have been encroached upon. We bespeak for this able treatise a candid perusal. Price—$1.25 in cloth, $1.50 in law sheep.

GERMAN UNCLE TOM.
TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR HUTTEN.
In One Volume Octavo. Price, Fifty Cents.

The English language has been exhausted in praise of this unrivalled tale; and this translation into the German language we believe will be as popular among the large German population of this country.

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There are hours when men need relaxation from the sterner labors of life, both bodily and mental. In these seasons, such a volume as the above is a desirable companion, and affords that relief which the mind needs. Price $1.

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THE KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
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A work which will most thoroughly establish the truth of every statement in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a good many not in that work. Price 50 cents.

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The Congressional Speeches of this distinguished and uncompromising Anti-Slavery veteran, who is still battling nobly with the powers of darkness. Complete in one volume 12mo. With a portrait. Price $1.

THE WRITINGS OF JUDGE JAY ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

Now first collected. An invaluable volume, with a portrait. Price $1. Ready in April.

KEY TO UNCLE TOM, IN GERMAN.

This work is now being translated into German, by one of our best German scholars, and will be issued soon after the publication of the English edition.

WRITINGS OF
PROFESSOR BELA B. EDWARDS, D. D.
BY REV. PROF. PARK, D. D.
WITH A MEMOIR, BY DR. PARK.

This work, which has been unavoidably delayed, will be issued, in two volumes 12mo, about the 1st of April.

The numerous admirers of Dr. Edwards will hail with pleasure this announcement. The collected writings of such a man are an invaluable contribution to our literature, more particularly when compiled by so ripe a scholar as Dr. Park. The Memoir glows with all the fervid enthusiasm of the Editor.

COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC.
BY JOHN W. MOORE,
Assisted by John S. Dwight, Esq., the able and accomplished Editor of the Journal of Music.

This work will occupy an unoccupied field, no such work ever having been compiled before, either in this country or in England. It will be a complete Dictionary of all Musical Terms; a History of the Science of Music, from the earliest times to the present; a Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass; a Description of all known Musical Instruments; and a complete Musical Biography, containing a succinct memoir of more than *three thousand* of the most distinguished musical celebrities and composers who have ever lived. To be comprised in one large royal 8vo volume, of about 1,000 pages, double columns. To be published during the summer.

The above valuable works are published by
JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,
17 and 19 Cornhill, Boston.
JEWETT, PROCTOR, & WORTHINGTON,
Cleveland, Ohio,
And for sale by Booksellers generally. Mar. 31.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

DR. E. C. ROGERS has completed, and now offers to the reading public, his great work on
The Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, Human and Mundane.

Complete in one volume. Price, one dollar.

This is, without doubt, the first and only work which has ever appeared, in which this whole matter is thoroughly and philosophically explained, and so clearly as to amount to a demonstration.

The following, from the editor of *Zion's Herald*, is a fair sample of the unqualified notices from intelligent editors who have read the work:

"*Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, No. 3.*—This number concludes Mr. Rogers's book, which, now that it is finished, forms the only satisfactory and philosophical discussion of the spirit rapping theory as yet published. To us, its reasonings appear conclusive and unanswerable. It solves the question forever, so far as the relation of disembodied spirits to the production of those mysterious phenomena, called spiritual manifestations, is concerned. He who reads it will certainly see that *human* and *mundane* influences are all-sufficient for the production of every species of phenomena yet observed. We earnestly recommend it as a valuable, timely, philosophical, and successful answer to the doctrines of the spirit rappers."

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., Boston; JEWETT, PROCTOR, & WORTHINGTON, Cleveland Ohio; and for sale by Booksellers generally.
March 17—4ti

FROM 500 TO 2,000 PER CENT.

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April 7—16t